

THE LIVING AGE.

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YEAR AFTER YEAR.

A LOVE SONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

YEAR after year the cowslips fill the meadow,
Year after year the skylarks thrill the air,
Year after year, in sunshine or in shadow,
Rolls the world round, love, and finds us as we were.

Year after year, as sure as birds' returning,
Or field-flowers' blossoming above the wintry mould,

Year after year, in work, or mirth, or mourning,
Love we with love's own youth, that never can grow old.

Sweetheart and lady-love, queen of boyish passion,

Strong hope of manhood, content of age begun;

Loved in a hundred ways, each in a different fashion,

Yet loved supremely, solely, as we cannot love save one.

Dearest and bonniest! though blanched those curling tresses,

Though loose clings the wedding-ring to that thin hand of thine,—

Brightest of all eyes the eye that love expresses!
Sweetest of all lips the lips long since kissed mine!

So let the world go round with all its sighs and sinning,

Its mad shout o'er fancied bliss, its howls o'er pleasures past:

That which it calls love's end to us was love's beginning:—

I clasp arms about thy neck and love thee to the last.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

NIGHT SHOWETH KNOWLEDGE.

BY WILLIAM HABINGTON.—1605.

WHEN I survey the bright

Celestial sphere,

So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,

My soul her wings doth spread,

And heavenward flies,

The Almighty mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament

Shoots forth no flame

So silent, but is eloquent

In speaking the Creator's name;

No unregarded star

Contracts its light

Into so small a character,

Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look

We shall discern

In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror,

That far-stretched power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour:

That, from the farthest north,

Some nation may

Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And o'er it new-got conquest sway.

Some nation, yet shut in

With hills of ice,

May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall

Their ruin have;

For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,

Though seeming mute,

The fallacy of our desires,
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watched since first

The world had birth;

And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

THE DESPOT'S HEIR.

THROUGH years of solitude and chill disdain,
Gnawed by suppressed ambition's hungry woe,
He taught his crafty eye and fathomless brain
All springs that move this human puppet-show:

Watched from below each turn in Fortune's wheel,

And learned, unknown, with kings and hosts to deal,

Then tiger-like he felt his stealthy way,

Till tiger-like he leapt upon a throne:

Hollow and cold and selfish there he lay,

Tuning to pæans Freedom's dying moan,

Couched in the shadow of a mightier name.

Masqued with the mantle of a vaster fame.

Silent with steady hand and calm, quick eye

He wrought his robe of greatness day by day;

Men's hope and fear and love and enmity

He wove like threads with passionless potent sway:

And sacred names of "righteous," "generous," "grand,"

He shed like pigments from the painter's hand.

Unreverencing, unfeeling, unbelieving—

And all the world around, his vast machine,

Felt strange new forces mid its varied heaving,

And hidden tempests burst the false serene,

And nations bled and royal houses fell—

And still the despot's weaving prospered well.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF A TORY GENTLEWOMAN.

MANY of our readers who are now entering, or who have already entered, upon the grand-paternal state, or its coeval period of bachelor-life, may remember that in the days of their early youth, when George III. was king, they possessed a little volume, the gift, perhaps, of a venerable godmother, or the prize of successful industry, or reward of moral conduct at school, on the back of which were inscribed the words *RASSELAS AND DINARBAS*. That these two worthies had, somehow or other, been associated together in life, was long our profound conviction. We classed them, in our boyish imagination, with Damon and Pythias, Pylades and Orestes, and other similar exemplars of antique friendship. But there was such a classical flavor about the names—they were altogether so redolent of Lemprière's Dictionary, that it was long before we ventured to make acquaintance with any part of the volume beyond the binding and the frontispiece, which latter, we remember well, was rather of the Oriental than of the classical type; but this might have been the taste of the artist. Driven, however, at last, to closer investigation by a long continuance of wet weather, we discovered that *Rasselas* and *Dinarbas* were not of common parentage, united on a single title-page; but that their connection was principally such as an enterprising publisher had been pleased to assign to them; that they were, in fact, two works by two different writers. It is no secret even to the present generation that *Rasselas* is a moral tale, written by the great Dr. Samuel Johnson; but it is not equally well known that *Dinarbas* was written by Miss Ellis Cornelia Knight, whose Memoirs are now before us.*

Whether any one of those young people, for whose especial benefit it was considered in my younger days that these moral tales were written, ever made his way through the whole of *Rasselas*, so as to come upon *Dinarbas* at all, or to what extent, having accomplished that first victory, he may have succeeded in overcoming the second difficulty, is more than, after a confession of our own stumblings at the first stage, we can

venture to determine. And we may be well content to leave the inquiry alone. People *do* read *Rasselas* now-a-days in mature age, we believe; some as a pleasure, more as a duty. But *Dinarbas* has slipped out of its honorable companionship, and, except in old worn copies, is not to be found supplementing the Johnsonian classic. Miss Knight outlived her reputation as an authoress. But she did not outlive the esteem in which she was held by a very large circle of friends, including kings and princes, and the honorable of the earth of all ranks and degrees. Few people have had so extensive an acquaintance as Miss Knight; and when we say that her reminiscences extend over a line of European worthies, beginning with Oliver Goldsmith and ending with Benjamin Disraeli, no one will question that the most attractive book which such a person can write, is a plain record of her personal experiences.

And such a record we have now before us, in the shape of an unfinished autobiography, supplemented by the writer's journals from which the memoir was compiled. It is a trite remark, that any person of ordinary intelligence, with average social opportunities, writing down his experiences from day to day, can hardly fail to make, without meaning it, an interesting book. But Miss Knight's intelligence was not of an ordinary character, and her opportunities were unquestionably great. It may be briefly stated what they were. In her early youth she was noticed by Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, and other members of the same literary circle. When she was about eighteen, she went abroad with her mother, and resided principally at Naples and Rome, mixing on terms of intimacy with the chief people of those cities. In 1798 she made the acquaintance of Nelson at Naples, and in the following year accompanied him and the Hamiltons to England. In 1806 she became a member of Queen Charlotte's family, and resided at Windsor, attached to the court, for six or seven years. She then, at the request of the prince regent, transferred herself to the establishment which he had formed for his daughter at Warwick House, and thus became "Lady-Companion" to the Princess Charlotte. When the princess ran away to her mother's house, Miss Knight was involved in the common disgrace which

* The Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady-Companion to the Princess Charlotte; with Extracts from her Journals and Anecdote-Books. 2 vols. W. H. Allen & Co., London. 1861.

overtook all the household, and was dismissed. From that time she flitted about from place to place, taking up her residence first in one European capital, then in another; paying visits to her friends, and always being in intimate relations with the first people of the cities she frequented. And so she went on up to the close of the year 1837, seeing a great number of distinguished persons, and jotting down in her journals and anecdote-books something or other that she had learnt about them, until she passed her eightieth year, when, with very little warning, she gently passed away from the scene, leaving behind her a boxful of papers, from which the volumes before us are compiled.

If such opportunities as these had been turned to good literary account, one of the most attractive works ever published might have been the result. But Miss Knight had more of the delicacy of the gentlewoman than the tact of the *litterateur*. Though it would appear that her autobiography had been written for publication, it is not seasoned as Madame d'Arblay or Lady Charlotte Campbell would have seasoned it. It is a plain recital of fact, modestly and unambitiously written, with a view rather to the information than the excitement of the reader. It is interesting principally by reason of its simplicity and directness of purpose; and, above all, by the unmistakable fidelity of the narrative. It is impossible to doubt, much more to disbelieve, the writer. If the lady's character were not an ample guarantee for the truth of her book, its style would be a sufficient voucher.

Cornelia Knight was but a child when her intercourse with celebrated persons commenced; but, verging close upon octogenarianism, she still vividly remembered her first experiences of literary society. "I recollect," she says in 1835, "being delighted with the conversation of Mr. Burke, amused by the buffoonery of Goldsmith, and disgusted with the satirical madness of manner of Baretti." "Of all these personages," she says, a little further on, "the one whom I liked best was Mr. Burke, perhaps because he condescended to notice me." Goldsmith, she says, was very good-natured; his behaviour easy and natural, removed from vulgarity no less than from affectation. "His buffoonery was a sort of childish playful-

ness." Of the mixture of vanity and simplicity, which was one of his most peculiar characteristics, Miss Knight gives an amusing proof, which we believe has escaped the biographers. On a certain occasion, being told that he must wear a silk coat, he purchased one secondhand, which had belonged to a nobleman, and wore it in public, not perceiving that there was clearly marked on the breast the place where the late owner's decoration had been worn. The mark of the star told plainly enough the history of the purchase, and Noll's vanity was sorely vexed.

There is a better story than this, one of Samuel Johnson, and which, as we may say with tolerable confidence, has not been told before. We give it in Miss Knight's own words:—

"He was very curious to see the manner of living and the discipline on board a ship of war, and when my father was appointed to the command of the *Ramilles*, of seventy-four guns, and to sail with the command of a squadron for Gibraltar, at the time when a war with Spain was expected, Johnson went to Portsmouth, and passed a week on board with my father. He inquired into every thing, made himself very agreeable to the officers, and was much pleased with his visit.

"When he was conveyed on shore, the young officer whom my father had sent to accompany him asked if he had any further commands. 'Sir,' said Johnson 'have the goodness to thank the commodore and all the officers for their kindness to me, and tell Mr—(the first-lieutenant) that I beg he will leave off the practice of swearing.'

"The young man, willing, if possible, to justify, or at least excuse, his superior, replied that, unfortunately, there was no making the sailors do their duty without using strong language, and that his majesty's service required it. 'Then, pray, sir,' answered Johnson, 'tell Mr— that I beseech him not to use one oath more than is absolutely required for the service of his majesty.'

The late Mr. Croker would have given a good deal for this story, coming from so authentic a source. That very diligent editor appears to have had a notion that Johnson visited a man-of-war off Plymouth, and that he was much disgusted by the bad language he heard. But here we have the story in proper shape, from the daughter of the man whose ship the great moralist visited, and very characteristic it is. It may be added,

that when Miss Knight first went abroad, Dr. Johnson gave her his blessing, and exhorted her not to become a Roman Catholic adding that, if she extended her belief, she might in time become a Turk.

We may pass over the earlier years of Miss Knight's residence. Both in the autobiography, and in the extracts from the journals and anecdote-books, there is a good deal of interesting information illustrative of the state of society in Rome towards the close of the last century, with many portraits of the most celebrated personages of the times. As far as possible, we shall confine our notice to those who are distinguished in the annals of our own country; and we may fitly begin the catalogue with Horatio Nelson. Miss Knight was at Naples when news arrived of the victory of the Nile. Their situation at that place had long been one of extreme danger, and, week after week, month after month, had the eyes of the residents been turned towards the sea, in the hope of catching sight of a white spot on the horizon that might prove to them that succor was at hand. They knew that an engagement between the two fleets was imminent, but they looked in vain for tidings of the result. At last, one morning, Miss Knight discerned through her glass a sloop-of-war in the offing, with a blue ensign hoisted, and presently a boat put off from the beach and pulled alongside the vessel, and two British officers dropped down her side, and were rowed to shore. "We clearly distinguished," she writes, "a gold epaulet on the shoulder, and this was quite sufficient to convince us that one was the commander of the sloop, and the other a captain going home with dispatches. News of a victory, no doubt." The two officers were Hoste and Capel—afterwards admirals and K.C.B.'s—and the news they brought was that of the victory of the Nile. Never was any news more welcome since the world began. All classes were roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and the excitement everywhere was boundless. One scene, in which Miss Knight herself had a part, may be given here as an illustration of the general joy with which these glad tidings were received:—

"Old General di Pietra, one of the few survivors of the gallant band who had assist-

ed in the conquest of Naples during the war between Spain and Austria, lived in a house adjoining our hotel, and there was a door of communication between them. He had been very attentive to us, and we met excellent society at his table, for he delighted in giving dinner-parties. We knew his anxiety to receive the earliest accounts of the meeting of the two fleets, and my mother desired me to give him the first intelligence. I ran to the door, and the servant who opened it, and to whom I delivered my message, uttered exclamations of joy, which were heard in the dining-room, where the general was entertaining a large party of officers. The secretary was instantly sent to me, and I was obliged to go in and tell my story. Never shall I forget the shouts, the bursts of applause, the toasts drunk, the glasses broken one after another by the secretary in token of exultation, till the general, laughing heartily, stopped him by saying that he should not have a glass left to drink Nelson's health in on his arrival."

"The joy," says Miss Knight, "was universal, and the impatience for the arrival of the victors daily increased in intensity. Two ships of the line at length appeared in sight." These were the Culloden and the Alexander, commanded by Troubridge and Ball. The royalty of Naples went out to meet them. The English minister, Sir William Hamilton, and his beautiful wife, went out also, in another barge, taking Miss Knight with them. "The shore was lined with spectators, who rent the air with joyous acclamations, while the bands played 'God save the King' and 'Rule Britannia.'" The king of Naples did not go on board but saluted the British officers from his barge; and when Sir William Hamilton pointed him out to the seamen, saying, "There, lads, is the king whom you have saved, with his family and his kingdom," Jack characteristically answered, "Very glad of it, sir—very glad of it!" not perhaps, without some mental reservation engendered of a belief as to his being a "Mounseer."

A few days afterwards—that is, on the 22d September, 1798—Nelson himself appeared. We give the account of his reception in Miss Knight's own words. It is interesting for more reasons than one:—

"Two or three days later (September 22) the Vanguard, with the flag of Sir Horatio Nelson, came in sight; and this time the

concourse of barges, boats, and spectators, was greater than before. The Vanguard was followed by two or three ships of the line which had been in the engagement. It would be impossible to imagine a more beautiful and animated scene than the Bay of Naples then presented. Bands of music played our national airs. With 'God save the King' they had long been familiar, but for the present occasion they had learned 'Rule Britannia' and 'See, the conquering hero comes.' No Englishman or Englishwoman can hear those airs without emotion in a foreign land, however trifling may be the effect they produce in our own country; but under such circumstances as these they create a powerful excitement.

"We rowed out to a considerable distance, following the king, who was anxious to greet his deliverers, as he did not scruple to call them. Sir Horatio Nelson received his majesty with respect, but without embarrassment, and conducted him over every part of the vessel, with which he seemed much pleased, and particularly so with the kindness and attention shown to the wounded seamen, of whom there were several on board. The king afterwards sat down with us to a handsome breakfast, at which I remarked a little bird hopping about on the table. This bird had come on board the Vanguard the evening before the action, and had remained in her ever since. The admiral's cabin was its chief residence, but it was fed and petted by all who came near it; for sailors regard the arrival of a bird as the promise of victory, or at least as an excellent omen. It flew away, I believe, soon after the ship reached Naples.

"Just before we sat down to breakfast the Bailli Caraccioli made his appearance, and congratulated Sir Horatio on his victory with seemingly genuine sincerity. That unfortunate man, however, had before this conceived a jealous resentment against the hero of the Nile. We had been in the habit of meeting him at General di Pietra's, and some days before the arrival of the Vanguard he told me that in the engagement off Corsica, in which he, as commander of a Neapolitan frigate, had joined the squadron under Admiral Hotham, Nelson had passed before him, contrary to the directions previously issued. This he thought very unfair, because British officers had frequent opportunities of distinguishing themselves, which was not the case with his own service. He was a man of noble family, about fifty years of age, a Bailli of the Order of Malta, and a great favorite at court, being charged with the nautical education of Prince Leopold, the king's second son,

then nearly nine years old. After the king had taken his leave, Sir William Hamilton asked the admiral to make his house his head-quarters, and accordingly Sir Horatio accompanied us ashore."

Our readers will not fail to note what is here said about Caraccioli. A second time it was Nelson's lot to take the wind out of the prince's sails; and Miss Knight appears to have been convinced that jealousy of Nelson was the real cause of the prince's desertion. The royal family were not safe at Naples, and it was necessary, therefore, to convey them to Palermo. This was an honor which Caraccioli coveted for himself, but it was conferred on the English admiral. There are some graphic touches in the concluding lines of this brief extract:—

"Like a dark cloud announcing a tremendous storm, the enemy kept gradually approaching. A very indifferent understanding existed between the Austrians and Russians in those parts of Italy where they were acting in assumed co-operation. The populace of Naples, and many of the higher orders, indeed, stoutly affirmed that they would never suffer their king and his family to fall into the hands of the enemy; but still it was thought more prudent to make preparations for departure. Unfortunately, there was no English ship of war then in the bay, except that which bore the flag of Lord Nelson, and a frigate with a Turkish ambassador on board, attended by a numerous suite. A Portuguese squadron, however, was lying there, and also a fine Neapolitan man-of-war, commanded by Prince Caraccioli, and likewise another ship of the line; but it was the opinion of the court that although the Bailli himself was trustworthy, the same reliance could not be placed in his crew. It was therefore resolved that the royal family should go with Lord Nelson. How far these suspicions were well founded I cannot say, but I have no doubt that this step hastened the desertion of Prince Caraccioli. We met him about this time at a dinner party at General di Pietra's, and I never saw any man look so utterly miserable. He scarcely uttered a word, ate nothing, and did not even unfold his napkin. However, he took the ships safe to Messina, where they were laid up in ordinary."

Miss Knight and her mother followed the royal family and the British minister to Palermo, and remained there when the king, Nelson, and the Hamiltons returned to Na-

ples, to re-establish the authority of the first. During their absence from Palermo, Lady Knight died; and Cornelia took up her abode in Sir William Hamilton's house.

"When Sir William Hamilton and Lord Nelson came to take leave of her before their departure for Naples, she had particularly commended me to their care, and, previous to their embarkation, Sir William and Lady Hamilton had left directions with Mrs. Cadogan that, in case I should lose my mother before their return, she was to take me to their house. That lady came for me, and I went with her to our minister's, knowing that it was my mother's wish that I should be under his protection; and I must say that there was certainly at that time no impropriety in living under Lady Hamilton's roof. Her house was the resort of the best company of all nations, and the attentions payed to Lord Nelson appeared perfectly natural. He himself always spoke of his wife with the greatest affection and respect; and I remember that, shortly after the battle of the Nile, when my mother said to him that no doubt he considered the day of that victory as the happiest in his life, he answered, 'No; the happiest was that on which I married Lady Nelson.'"

It is only right to infer from this that Lady Hamilton's conduct, during the period of her residence at Naples, was altogether blameless, and that she was regarded as a person with whom the most scrupulous might live upon terms of intimate relationship. A few pages further on, Miss Knight says of her, that "she made herself very useful in public affairs during the distressing circumstances which took place in consequence of the French Revolution. Altogether she was a singular mixture of right and wrong."

In April, 1800, Miss Knight embarked, with the Hamiltons, on board Nelson's ship, the *Foudroyant*, bound for Malta, touching at Syracuse. They returned to Palermo, and thence sailed to Leghorn. From that place they proceeded by land to England. The account of this homeward journey is interesting, as an episode in Nelson's life whereof his biographers have not taken much account. One passage, at least, is worthy of quotation:—

"At Vienna, whenever Lord Nelson appeared in public, a crowd was collected, and his portrait was hung up as a sign over many shops—even the milliners giving his

name to particular dresses: but it did not appear to me that the English nation was at all popular. The people generally were opposed to the war with France, which had proved so unfavorable to them; for although the troops were brave and loyal, they were not well commanded. We had often music, as the best composers and performers were happy to be introduced to Sir William and Lady Hamilton. I was much pleased with Haydn. He dined with us, and his conversation was modest and sensible. He set to music some English verses, and, amongst others, part of an ode I had composed after the battle of the Nile, and which was descriptive of the blowing up of L'Orient:—

"Britannia's leader gives the dread command;
Obedient to his summons flames arise:
The fierce explosion rends the skies,
And high in air the pond'rous mass is thrown.
The dire concussion shakes the land:
Earth, air, and sea, united groan;
The solid pyramids confess the shock,
And their firm bases to their centre rock."

"Haydn accompanied Lady Hamilton on the piano when she sang this piece, and the effect was grand. He was staying at that time with Prince Esterhazy, and presided over the famous concerts given by that nobleman at his magnificent palace in Hungary. At one time the prince had an intention of giving up these concerts, and told Haydn that the next one would be the last. It was a very fine one. Towards the conclusion, Haydn composed a finale so melancholy—so touching, that it drew tears from many of the audience; and he had given orders that while it was playing the lights should be gradually extinguished; all of which made such an impression upon the mind of the prince, that he abandoned his intention of discontinuing these concerts."

That the intimacy between Nelson and Lady Hamilton greatly increased during the time spent on board the *Foudroyant*, and on the journey to England, is well known. Miss Knight was no unconcerned spectator of their growing affection; and when she reached home she felt herself in a distressing position, and hardly knew what to do. It is right, however, to observe, that it appears to have been this lady's opinion that they neither of them foresaw the height to which their imprudence was fated to reach, but almost unconsciously drifted into the sea of danger, which at last engulfed them. Such commonly is the downward course of evil. And then, too, Miss Knight says that matters were aggravated by the evil tongue

of English society, and that Nelson, when he found Lady Hamilton's character assailed, clung to her all the more openly, for the purpose of supporting her. We may as well give the explanation in Miss Knight's own words :—

"I dined one day with Sir William and Lady Hamilton in Grosvenor Square. Lord and Lady Nelson were of the party, and the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray came in the evening. Lord Nelson was to make his appearance at the theatre next day, but I declined to go with the party. I afterwards heard that Lady Nelson fainted in the box. Most of my friends were very urgent with me to drop the acquaintance, but, circumstanced as I had been, I feared the charge of ingratitude, though greatly embarrassed as to what to do, for things became very unpleasant. So much was said about the attachment of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, that it made the matter still worse. He felt irritated, and took it up in an unfortunate manner, by devoting himself more and more to her, for the purpose of what he called supporting her. Mischief was made on all sides, till at last, when he was appointed to the command of the squadron in the Downs, which was to sail for Copenhagen—his brother and sister-in-law, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, being with him at Deal—he wrote to Lady Nelson, giving her credit for perfectly moral conduct, but announcing his intention of not living with her any more. This was certainly not in his thoughts before he returned to England, for I remember his saying, while we were at Leghorn, that he hoped Lady Nelson and himself would be much with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and that they would all very often dine together, and that, when the latter couple went to their musical parties, he and Lady Nelson would go to bed. Even at Hamburg, just before we embarked, he purchased a magnificent lace trimming for a court dress for Lady Nelson, and a black lace cloak for another lady, who, he said, had been very attentive to his wife during his absence."

We hear no more of Lord Nelson and the Hamiltons after this. Indeed, the record of the next four or five years is extremely slight. Miss Knight remained in England, mixed largely in society, and attracted the attention, among others, of Mr. Pitt, who had a high opinion of her understanding, and desired to see her appointed to superintend the education of the young Princess Charlotte. Her intimate acquaintance with ancient and

modern languages, her varied accomplishments, her rectitude of conduct, and her agreeable manners, seemed especially to qualify her for such a task. But instead of being attached to the person of a young princess, she was attached to that of an old queen. In 1805, Queen Charlotte gave her a situation at court; but it does not very clearly appear from these volumes what that situation was. Whatever may have been its precise designation, it brought her into constant proximity to the queen, to whom she read such works as Thomson's *Seasons*, Cowper's *Task*, Cicero's *Epistles*, and others, generally of a somewhat fatiguing kind. The journals kept by Miss Knight at this time, except when they record the progress of the poor old king's malady, are not of a very interesting character, and the extracts given are but few. It was probably the dreariest period of Miss Knight's life. And yet she subsequently declared her belief that she had acted unwisely in quitting her situation at the queen's court for another, which, if it had greater charms, had greater dangers attendant upon it too. It is not only in money matters that high interest is bad security; in the respectable Three-per-cents of Queen Charlotte's court, Miss Knight had a safe investment, and it was not prudent to sell out and speculate in such a hazardous lottery as that of the court of the Prince of Wales. But the temptation was very great. The good old queen was certainly a less interesting personage than her granddaughter; and we are not surprised that Miss Knight deserted the former to become lady-companion to the Princess Charlotte.

The queen was much hurt, and very angry; and she never looked with complacency upon the deserter again. But this was hard upon Miss Knight, who appears to have acted in a manner distinguished by loyalty and gratitude towards the queen. She admits that she had grown very weary of the tedium and monotony of her life at Windsor. "I could not find it in my heart," she said, "to devote myself till death to the queen's service, sacrificing the pleasing idea of rendering happy the life of a persecuted young creature, whose talents and dispositions appeared to me to be worthy of a better lot than had as yet fallen to her share. Perhaps, also, my pride had been somewhat hurt by the queen not always, as I thought, feel-

ing properly my situation ; and I will not say that I had not some wish for more active and more important employment than that which I held at Windsor—dull, uninteresting, and monotonous—every year more and more confined, and even, from the kindness of the royal family, condemned to listen to all their complaints and private quarrels. I certainly hoped to get honorably out of it, but I did feel attachment for the queen.” And as a proof of this, when the formal invitation came to her to enter the princess’ service, she had declined it ; but the prince regent had renewed his request, and had at last persuaded her to consent, on the plea that her majesty had withdrawn all her objections, and was in reality desirous of the arrangement. The fact is, that the queen was afraid of her son. She very much wished Miss Knight to remain in her service, but she did not like to take upon herself the responsibility of thwarting the prince’s plans. She hoped that Miss Knight would take the responsibility upon herself, so as to relieve her majesty of all odium in the transaction. But Miss Knight was disposed to do any thing but this, and hence the queen’s undying resentment. “The last thing I did before I left my old lodging,” says Miss Knight, “to enter on my new duties, was to write a respectful letter to the queen, expressive of the deepest regret, and of the sincerest attachment. This letter was never answered.”

For better or for worse, Miss Knight had now taken her line. She was the servant of the prince regent. The prince called her his “dear chevalier,” and for a time every thing went well. The Princess Charlotte was domiciled at Warwick House, which was a sort of supplement or appendix to Carlton House, the prince’s residence, and which, Miss Knight says, was then “miserably out of repair, and almost falling into ruins.” Nothing of it now remains. It was a dreary sort of place, “perfectly resembling a convent ;” but such as it was, it was “a seat of happiness to Princess Charlotte, compared with the Lower Lodge at Windsor,” where she had before resided, and which was, indeed, still to be considered the *chef-lieu* ; the idea of the princess having an establishment of her own being one which it was not, at that time, the policy of the court to encourage.

It was impossible, however, to treat the

princess, who was already a woman in years ; and still more so in character, any longer as a child. She was at the most critical period of her life—the very turning-point, for good or evil, of her career—and she required most judicious treatment. Miss Knight describes her as “a noble young creature,” “capable of becoming a blessing to her country, or the reverse.” She was, “in understanding, penetration, and stature, a woman, desirous to acquire more knowledge of public affairs and general society, alive to every thing, and capable of forming a judgment for herself.” Miss Knight gives an account of a conversation which she had with Lord Moira on the subject of the princess’ education. “Talents and genius must be encouraged,” urged the lady, “to become useful. If endeavors are made to lower or extinguish them, what must be the result ?” “I saw the tears,” adds the narrator, “roll down the cheeks of Lord Moira, and he said, ‘This is what I felt for her father ; he *was* every thing that was amiable, and still I cannot help loving him.’” The editor adds to this in a note, on the authority of Mr. Raikes, a tribute paid to the regent by the Duke of Wellington, who said that the prince was the most extraordinary medley of opposite qualities, “with a great preponderance of good,” that he had ever seen in his life.

Nothing could have more surely saved a young princess, surrounded by so many adverse influences, than a good marriage ; and, once recognized as a woman, the consideration of this important question could not be much longer deferred. The hereditary Prince of Orange was the first person fixed upon as the future husband of the presumptive heir to the throne of England. Of the Orange match and of its rupture a full account is given in these volumes, which will doubtless be accepted as legitimate history in supercession of all others. If the Princess Charlotte had followed her own inclination she would have married the Duke of Gloucester. But the regent set his face steadfastly against this match. But he said, at the same time, that he would never force the inclinations of his daughter. Miss Knight’s account of his conduct in this matter is very creditable to the prince :—

“The prince came, and to the Lower Lodge ; Princess Charlotte was desirous that I should see him first, and I met him on the

stairs. He at first looked displeased, but I entered into an explanation with him on the former grievances, and cleared up the falsehoods. I heard what he chose to say on the present subject with proper respect, and he became very good-humored, towards me; but when Princess Charlotte came in, although he did not raise his voice, and said he would be very calm and very affectionate, he was certainly as bitter as possible on the Duke of Gloucester, and not a little so to Princess Charlotte. He positively refused giving his consent to this union, but added, what I thought most important, that so far from ever wishing to control her inclinations, he would not even urge her to comply with any proposals by recommendatory means. He said he was himself too severe a sufferer to wish any other person, and especially a child of his own, to know the misery of an ill-assorted marriage; that he would invite over many of the princes of the Continent (for that a subject of England she could not marry), and she might then have her choice; that with respect to the hereditary Prince of Orange, whom she seemed to apprehend being forced on her, he would not bring him to Frogmore on the Duke of York's birthday, that she might not think he meant to recommend him (he took occasion, however, to praise him several times during this visit); and he ended by saying that her happiness and her honor were the wishes nearest to his heart."

Soon afterwards the young Prince of Orange and the Princess Charlotte were brought together, and the strong prejudices which she had conceived against him seemed in a fair way to be overcome, when the unlucky subject of the residence in Holland came upon the tapis. We give Miss Knight's simple narrative of the affair, premising only that the princess had been desired to dine at Carlton House, in order that she might meet the prince. In the afternoon she had gone out for a drive with her "lady-companion."

"When we came home, Princess Charlotte, contrary to her custom, shut herself up in her own room, and only came out of it dressed for dinner. Her toilet was by no means *recherchée*. She was dressed in violet satin trimmed with black lace, and looked pale and agitated. I sat up for her return, which was about one in the morning, and she told me in confidence she was engaged to the Prince of Orange. I could only remark that she had gained a great victory over herself. She answered, 'No, you would not say so if you were to see him; he is by no means as disagreeable as I expected.'

She mentioned his having spoken very handsomely at dinner of the old liberties of Holland, and said that in the evening the regent took them both into a room, where they walked up and down together for some time; after which he took her apart, and said, 'Well, it will not do, I suppose?' That she answered, 'I do not say that. I like his manner very well, as much as I have seen of it.' Upon which the prince was overcome with joy, and joined their hands immediately. She told me the Prince of Orange had praised the Fitzroys very much at dinner, as also Colonel Hervey, Mrs. Fremantle's son, and had said that he had promised to ask for his being made aide-de-camp to the regent.

"Next day the Prince of Orange came to make his visit with Lord Bathurst, the regent being busy. He shook hands with me very good-humoredly when I was introduced by Princess Charlotte. I thought him particularly plain and sickly in his look, his figure very slender, his manner rather hearty and boyish, but not unpleasant in a young soldier. The day after, the 7th, he came with the regent, who left them together, and sat down with me by the fire in the adjoining room (with only a passage, at least, between us). He told me *in confidence* that the Princess Charlotte was engaged to the young Prince of Orange, but that he would not have her inform anybody—not Miss Mercer, nor her uncles—till he should give her leave; that he should acquaint the queen and princesses with it; that the marriage would not take place till spring, as the young prince was now going to join his father for the settlement of the Dutch affairs; and that, as I remained now the friend of Princess Charlotte, no new arrangements being to be made until the marriage, he desired I would give her good advice, particularly against flirtation. He said she should go to Windsor for a week towards Christmas, to be confirmed, and afterwards to take the sacrament with the family, and he should meet her there; but that he could not give her any dance on her approaching birthday, as no one would be in town, and he himself was going to the christening of the young Marquess of Granby at Belvoir Castle. I asked if it was his pleasure that I should go to Windsor with her royal highness, and he said, 'Most certainly.'

"While we were talking, we heard Princess Charlotte break forth into a violent fit of sobs and hysterical tears. The prince started up, and I followed him to the door of the other room, where he found the Prince of Orange looking half frightened, and Princess Charlotte in great distress. The prince regent said, 'What! is he taking his leave?'

She answered, 'Not yet,' and was going to her own room; but the prince took him away, said it was time for him to go to the great city dinner for which he had stayed, and they parted."

When the prince had gone, the Princess Charlotte unburdened her griefs to Miss Knight. She could not bear the idea of spending a few months of every year in Holland. She admitted that the prince had spoken very kindly on the subject, and told her that she should always have as many English friends with her as she liked; but still she felt an aversion to the project which she could not overcome. The regent did all he could to persuade her, but the princess was resolute, and the result was that the Prince of Orange himself consented to the insertion of an article in the marriage-contract guaranteeing that she should not be taken out of England against her consent. "Nothing was now required but the formal assent of the Prince of the Netherlands;" and it was supposed that the marriage would certainly take place. The regent, however, still endeavored to persuade his daughter to concede the point—even after the formal consent of the Prince of the Netherlands had been obtained.

"The regent came one morning," says Miss Knight, "with the Bishop of Salisbury; seemed greatly out of humor, and wished Princess Charlotte to relinquish, as a mark of civility to the house of Orange, the insertion of the article. This she respectfully declined. The queen bought her wedding clothes, and told her she need have only one court dress, as hoop petticoats were not worn in Holland. This, and a letter which she received from Princess Mary just before the sovereigns were about to leave England, saying that as soon as they should be gone it was the intention of the prince to send for the Orange family, and to have the wedding immediately, threw her into great alarm, and induced her to resolve on having an explanation with the Prince of Orange. He amused himself very well all this time, danced at all the balls, went to Oxford, and everywhere. At his return from Oxford the explanation took place, and it finished by a rupture of the marriage."

This is not very explicit; indeed, the reader will perhaps think it rather disappointing. But as he proceeds further into the work, he will find that there is a sup-

plementary narrative of these transactions, written by Miss Knight in the third person, from which he may gather, that although formally the point of residence in Holland had been given up, no preparations had been made to provide the princess with a residence in England. When the young prince returned from Oxford, then the explanation adverted to above took place in the presence of Miss Knight, who thought that both of them were of opinion that the marriage could not go on; "that the duties of the Prince of Orange called him to Holland, and the Princess Charlotte's to remain in England, and that neither of them chose to give way; that in that respect the affair stood nearly as at the setting out in December, and that no preparations were made for a residence in England." They agreed, however, to think over the matter; and having thought over it, a correspondence took place, by which the marriage was broken off; * but still efforts were made to renew the engagement. The emperor of Russia (Alexander), who was then in England, tried hard. He even took the prince to Warwick House, and endeavored to persuade the Princess Charlotte to see him. "A newspaper," says Miss Knight, "lay on the table. He went up to it, and, pointing to the name of Mr. Whitbread, he said she was giving up an excellent marriage, one essential to the interests of her country, and all to be praised by 'a Mr. Whitbread.'" Miss Knight repudiated this idea; the emperor said, "Really," and then besought her to use all her influence with the princess to induce her to renew the engagement. Miss Knight declined to in-

* In a memorandum written some years later, Miss Knight says: "I forgot to mention in my journal of 1814, when I perceived that the marriage treaty must be broken off, if some assurance were not given of an establishment in England, I requested to see Lord Liverpool, that I might tell him my apprehensions, and beg that something might be done to prevent the mischief. He came, and asked only for Princess Charlotte; but when I heard he was in the library, I asked her permission to go down and speak to him first, which she granted. I went and told him what I thought it my duty to say; but he made no decisive answer, and seemed anxious to go up-stairs. When Princess Charlotte entered upon the subject, all she could get from him was that some arrangement might be made; . . . and he at last said that he would try and obtain permission from the regent that she might retain Warwick House for some time after her marriage." This offended the Prince of Orange even more than the Princess Charlotte. "Did Lord Liverpool think," he asked, "that he would live in such an ugly place?"

terfere, and the emperor, finding that he could make no impression, took his departure.

But other efforts were now to be made—other influences were to be set at work. All, however, to no purpose. In the following passage from Miss Knight's autobiography Prince Leopold makes his first appearance. But it is distinctly stated that the rupture of the Orange match was in no degree occasioned by any dawning partiality for the Prince of Saxe-Coburg:—

"About this time the bishop (of Salisbury), who often saw the chancellor and Lord Liverpool, and was also, I believe, employed by the regent, who formerly disliked and despised him, hinted to Princess Charlotte in a private conversation, and to me *on paper*, as I wrote to him on the subject, that unless Princess Charlotte would write a submissive letter to her father, and hold out a hope that in a few months she might be induced to give her hand to the Prince of Orange, arrangements would be made by no means agreeable to her inclinations. Her royal highness wrote to the regent a most submissive and affectionate letter, but held out no hope of renewing the treaty of marriage.

"This letter was sent on Saturday, the 9th of July. We heard various reports of the intentions of the regent: it was said that I and the servants were to be dismissed, and that an apartment was being fitted up for Princess Charlotte at Carlton House. Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, a handsome young man, a general in the Russian service, brother-in-law to the Grand-Duke Constantine, and a great favorite with the emperor of Russia, told Miss Mercer Elphinstone many of these particulars. He had been once at Warwick House, the Duchess of Leeds and myself being present. Miss Mercer Elphinstone, who was intimately acquainted with him, came in while he was there. He paid many compliments to Princess Charlotte, who was by no means partial to him, and only received him with civility. However, Miss Mercer evidently wished to recommend him, and when we drove in the Park, he would ride near the carriage, and endeavor to be noticed. There were reasons why this matter was by no means agreeable to Princess Charlotte. However, he certainly made proposals to the regent, and though rejected, found means to get into his favor. In the mean while, it was reported that he was frequently at Warwick House, and had even taken tea with us, which not one of the princes had done, except Prince

Radzivil, whom we invited to sing and accompany himself on the guitar. We heard that Lady Ilchester and Lady Rosslyn were talked of as being about Princess Charlotte, and I had hints from some of my friends, particularly from Lady Rolle, that a change was about to take place.

"However, the letter of the 9th remained unanswered till the 11th, on which day the bishop was detained almost the whole morning at Carlton House, and at five Princess Charlotte and I were ordered to go over. Her royal highness was too ill to obey; but I went; and found the regent very cold, very bitter, and very silent. I, however, took the opportunity of contradicting any false reports he might have heard relative to the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, and he answered that this prince was a most honorable young man, and had written him a letter which perfectly justified himself, and said that he was invited by Princess Charlotte; but that it was Prince Augustus of Prussia, and not he, who was in the habit of going to Warwick House."

This alleged reception of Prince Augustus of Prussia was altogether a fable, and the princess indignantly repelled the accusation. But matters had obviously now worked themselves into an exceedingly bad state. The princess was deeply hurt, and her father was vehemently angry. His belief was that the Princess Charlotte had been wrought upon by evil advisers, and that Miss Knight was the chief culprit. He came, therefore, to the resolution of dismissing her entire household. The Duchess of Leeds had already resigned, so that she was out of the scrape. The chief victim was the "dear chevalier," as she was to be dismissed on the spot. The announcement of this intention filled the princess with grief and dismay. The afflicting intelligence was communicated to her by the prince himself. The interview was a long one. "At the end of it," says Miss Knight, "she came out in the greatest agony, saying that she had but one instant to speak to me, for that the prince asked for me. I followed her into her dressing-room, where she told me the new ladies were in possession of the house; that I and all the servants were to be dismissed; that she was to be confined at Carlton House for five days, after which she was to be taken to Cranbourne Lodge, in the midst of Windsor Forest, where she was to see no one but the queen once a week, and that, if she did not

go immediately, the prince would sleep at Warwick House as well as all the ladies. I begged her to be calm, and advised her to go over as soon as possible, assuring her that her friends would not forget her. She fell on her knees in the greatest agitation, exclaiming "God Almighty grant me patience!" I wished to stay and comfort her, but she urged me to go to the prince for fear of greater displeasure." Miss Knight then went to the prince, who apologized with frigid politeness for putting a lady to inconvenience, but said that he required her room in Warwick House for one of the ladies who were to supplant her. Miss Knight replied with true dignity, that she was the daughter of an officer, who had served his king and country for fifty years, and sacrificed health and fortune to the public service, and that it was hard, indeed, if she could not put up with a little temporary inconvenience; but that really in her case there would be little or none, as her friends, Lord and Lady Rolle, "who seemed to know much more of the business than she did," had with prophetic care offered her the use of their house for a fortnight. She then made a low courtesy and left the room. What was her astonishment, on returning to Princess Charlotte's apartments, to find that the young lady had run away.

The princess had gone to her mother. The story of her flight has been told by more than one writer, and there is no need that we should tell it again. Miss Knight's connection with the court (saving the fact of a pension which was settled upon her) was now at an end; but the Princess Charlotte clung to her with affectionate tenacity to the very end of her short life. It was the opinion of the autobiographer that affairs would have turned out much less unpropitiously if the princess had lived under her father's roof, in Carlton House. "It would have been a great blessing," she wrote to a friend, "if we had been living at Carlton House for the last year and a half. I wished nothing so much as that the regent and his daughter should be much together, which, alas! was not the case, for his health or business prevented his coming to Warwick House, where he was only four times since the 10th of December, 1813" (this was written in August, 1814), "and Princess Char-

lotte was only sent for when the queen and princesses were in town; besides, nothing was communicated to her until it was settled. In that it was not like *one* family. I know she would have been most happy to have been on more intimate terms with her father; and he always assured me of his affection for her. It seemed as if some malignant power kept them asunder, when their real happiness and interest demanded their having confidence in each other." All this is very sensible, and we have no doubt of its truth. Miss Knight adds that she does not blame the regent. No one, we suspect, will blame *her*. If any one has, up to this time, entertained any doubt with respect to Miss Knight's conduct, it will we are sure, be removed by the perusal of the admirable letter which, after her dismissal, she addressed to the prince.

The historical interest of Miss Knight's memoirs necessarily diminishes after the account of her dismissal from court. Of what followed, so far as related to the subsequent history of the Princess Charlotte, her principal information was derived from hearsay, or from an occasional letter from the princess herself. When the marriage with Prince Leopold took place, Miss Knight went abroad; but, returning afterwards to England, she saw the young couple once or twice together, but there appears to have been little or no renewal of intimacy. Some years after the princess' death, which occurred when the autobiographer was at Rome in 1817, Miss Knight was invited by Prince Leopold to Claremont, and there she met the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, our present beloved sovereign. The journal entrance is brief, but interesting: "The little Princess Victoria is very like our royal family, and very handsome. I was much overpowered at coming to this place, the poor old servants so glad to see me. I walked in the park with the Baroness de Spinette, the Duchess of Kent's lady, and wished to see the cottage begun by Princess Charlotte, and which has been converted into a monument to her memory; but the good lady thought it would afflict me." This was in 1825. At the end of the year, Miss Knight went again to Paris, and renewed her acquaintance with the royal family of France. She was always a staunch

adherent of the Bourbons, and "Monsieur," afterwards Charles X., had much respect and esteem for her.

The Revolution of 1830 was a heavy blow to her. She was in Switzerland at the time, but passed through France in August, briefly recording her impression that there was no sort of enthusiasm in favor of the Orleans family. "Certain it is," she adds, "that the prosperity of France was great and yearly increasing, and now all has become precarious, thanks to designing ambition and infamous journals. I am sick of the subject, and what I did not write while in the country from prudence, I now avoid writing from disgust." At the end of the year she writes, "This miserable year is almost at its close. On the 26th of June died Geo. IV. On the 29th of July Charles X. lost his throne—the dauphin as well as himself renouncing all right to it. The Duke of Orleans was crowned by four marshals in a very small assembly of the representatives of the nation, and no religious ceremony, no etiquette, no distinctions allowed. Popular tumults in France and England. The king and queen of England deterred from dining in the city. . . . The Duke of Wellington oblige to resign. The revolt of Belgium; disturbances in many parts of Germany," etc., etc.—to the end of the catalogue of disasters, which distinguished that memorable year. It made her very sad, in her declining years, to think of these things, and she was full of apprehensions of greater evils.

In this tribulation Miss Knight consoled herself by recording in her journal anecdotes and reflections illustrative of the character and career of the heads of the Bourbon and Orleans families. It need not be said that these are greatly to the advantage of the former. If all that the lady sets down in her diaries be true, Louis Philippe was dragged through a good deal of mud on his way to the throne. Here are some specimens of Miss Knight's *ana*:—

"The Duke of Orleans was always making unjust complaints of Louis XVIII., and one day went so far as to say to M. de B. that it was very unwise to treat him in that manner, for, added he, 'Je compte pour beaucoup en France.' M. de B. answered: 'Cela n'est pas possible, monseigneur, car vous n'êtes ni brave, ni généreux;' and, turning

his back on him, left the room. The duke from that time overwhelmed M. de B. with civilities and flatteries.

"A stranger happening to be in Paris soon after the Revolution of July, 1830, was stopped by a young chimney-sweeper, who asked him if he had seen the king of the French. The other replied in the negative. 'Would you like to see him?' continued the chimney-sweeper. 'Only give me a piece of five francs and you shall see him.' The stranger agreed to do so, and they went away together to the Palais Royal. As soon as they were in sight of the balcony the boy began to call out, 'Louis Philippe! Louis Philippe!' in which cry he was joined by the rabble near him. The king of the French came out to make his obeisance, and the gentleman gave a five-franc piece to the sweeper. 'Now,' said the boy, 'if you have a mind to hear him sing, only promise me five more, and you shall be satisfied.' The stranger assented, and his majesty, at the command of the mob, joined in the *Marseillaise Hymn* with all the appropriate grimaces.

"At the time when Louis Philippe was shaking hands with everybody in the street, he held out his hand to a man, who said, 'Stop a little,' thrusting both hands in the mud, he offered them to the king, saying, 'Now they are fit for you.'

'Thirty years ago, Louis Philippe remarked, 'Je n'aurai de paix que quand je serai Roi de France.'

"Since the shameful business of the lawsuit respecting the late Duke of Bourbon's will, they call Louis Philippe 'Louis Filou.'

"*'Le peuple! c'est le peuple qu'on loue et qu'on blâme:*

Hélas! le bon peuple n'a ni raison ni tort: Corps sain et vigoureux, dont un héros est l'âme,

Ou machine du traître agissant à ressort.'

"The young Duke de Bordeaux, while playing at ball, was accosted by a Frenchman with many compliments, who told him he would certainly be king. 'La place est prise,' answered the boy. The man kept teasing him, and at last said, 'Mais j'ai envie d'assassiner celui qui a pris cette place.' 'Et moi,' replied the young duke, 'je le défendrai.' This was said with an air of noble contempt, and he would not listen to any thing more the man had to say."

Miss Knight survived her favorite royalty, Charles X., and had the satisfaction of writing the following obituary notice of him in her journal:—

"Charles X., who expired at Goritz, in

Styria, in the night between the 5th and 6th of November, 1836, had entered upon the eightieth year of his age in the preceding month. He was active and cheerful to the moment at which he was seized by the fatal malady which closed his mortal existence in less than thirty hours. During this time he suffered greatly, but died tranquil and resigned, forgiving his enemies, those who had injured him, and those who had been misled. He had visited the Princess of B. and his nephews, the sons of Don Carlos, on his way to Goritz, where he was about to establish himself with his family. The 4th of November, St. Charles' Day and his own fête, he had celebrated with a few friends, and he had been received with great cordiality by the inhabitants of Goritz.

"It has always appeared to me that Charles X. was the true model of a gentleman. He was agreeable, unaffected, and amiable in the best sense of the word, and an affectionate and faithful friend. His look came from the heart, and what he said, however gratifying, could not be suspected of flattery. If in his youth he was gay, his conduct in mature age was respectable, without prejudice or ostentation. His piety was sincere and fervent; and, without presumption, I think we may venture to say that he has made a blessed exchange. The Duchess of Hamilton told me that he said to her at Holyrood, speaking of the Revolution of 1830, 'I meant well; therefore I lay my head down peaceably to rest.'"

When Miss Knight wrote this she was in her eightieth year, and her end was rapidly approaching. But she appears to have been cheerful and intelligent to the last, and to have made brief entries in her journal within a few days of her death. Her last entry is dated on the 4th of December, when she was still paying visits to her friends in Paris. Two days afterwards she fell ill, and on the 17th December, 1837, she closed her eyes upon the world forever.

Ellis Cornelia Knight was not a woman of brilliant genius, but she was something bet-

ter. She was a woman of high principle, of varied accomplishments; and, as the editor of these volumes truly says, a good exemplar of "an English gentlewoman." Foreign travel enlarged her views without relaxing her morals. The good Protestant feeling which she had imbibed in early youth at home, was never diluted in the Roman Catholic countries in which she spent so large a part of her life. But she had no sectarian intolerance, and among her most intimate friends were eminent dignitaries of the Romish Church. For all this, she was a zealous and consistent Tory; a devoted subject of George III.; an ardent admirer of Pitt; and an upholder of church and state. "Living in a revolutionary period," says the editor of these volumes, "she was a hater of revolutions." She hated Napoleon, for she had seen with her own eyes too many miseries of which he was the author, to regard his career with any feeling short of abhorrence. Moreover, she never forgot that she was the daughter of an English officer, who believed that the best way to fight for his country was to fight for his king. And we must not conclude this too brief summary of her character without adding that she was a sincere and an humble Christian. It was not her wont to record her experiences; indeed, her journals are for the most part of an entirely objective character. She seldom or never gave expression to her feelings; or, if she did, the editor has not thought it right to obtrude them on the public in a work of this secular kind. But we think that he has done rightly in giving, at the very end of the book, a few lines written by Miss Knight at the back of a card containing some sacred poetry in Queen Charlotte's handwriting—from which few lines Miss Knight's faith may be gathered as distinctly as from whole volumes of prayer and confession.

THE treatment of persons poisoned has hitherto been that of a chemical decomposition of the poisonous substances. It is now proposed to correct their effects by another method: that

of administering poisons of a depressing character to counteract those of an exciting one. This is the new Italian practice. Thus laudanum has been neutralized by belladonna.

From The Spectator, 8 June.

DEATH OF COUNT CAVOUR.

NOT in this generation have the hearts of Englishmen been so deeply stirred as by the death of Count Cavour. The bitterness of a personal grief is added to the weight of a national calamity. That he should have died at such a moment—his powers at their very highest, his grand designs but half developed, the prize of his glorious life in sight, but still beyond his grasp—this indeed strikes us like a personal misfortune. Men could quarrel with Providence as for a mistake. Few statesmen in England, and none upon the Continent, have ever been permitted to link themselves into the English heart like Count Cavour. Every noble feeling and every island prejudice, the national honor of pluck, and the national worship of success, our reverence for high purpose, and our ingrained hatred of the Papacy, attracted us equally to the great Italian. Even the faults of his character, the tameless pride which so often roused his friends, the reckless energy with which obstacles were cast aside, were all foibles Englishmen find it easy to forgive. He would have been honored as the mere Premier of Piedmont; but, linked as he was with the cause of Italy, with the only cause Englishmen of this generation have taken passionately to heart, he was admitted into that small circle of men whom the people scarcely criticise and never betray. Even Garibaldi, in the flush of his success, with the impression of his strong character yet strong in the land, could not wean Englishmen from their confidence in the statesman who had dared to sell a province in order to buy a nation. Statesmen who grieved over the act, and radicals to whom Garibaldi was a demigod, still gave their voices frankly for Cavour. Every man received the news of his death as he would that of a near relative, felt for the hour the void which is caused by the loss of a close friend. Their grief was certainly not diminished by the manner of his death. There is something incongruous in the undoubted fact that the leader of Italian civilization perished because in Italy medicine has not emerged from barbarism. Bleeding in typhus fever is fatal, and the unhappy premier was bled six times, each depletion of course diminishing the strength which might have shaken off disease.

There was a warrant for all this grief. Count Cavour was a man who united many characteristics of many countries, and of widely different classes of society. With that strong, almost reckless, energy into which the practice of statesmanship seems to weld the Italian ardor, he had the practical capacity Englishmen sometimes con-

sider a monopoly of their own. The intellect which devised the despatch of an army to the Crimea merely to establish a claim upon the Western Powers, which revived Piedmont, and called the volunteer system into existence, also re-organized the Neapolitan fleet, and devised the railway communication for the United Kingdom. The measures which fused the four kingdoms of Northern Italy into one compact whole, which extinguished provincial jealousies, and induced Lombards and Tuscans, Romagnese and Parmesans to accept the stern laws and high taxation of Piedmont as a boon, were due to the administrative genius of the premier. So subtle, that even the cool brain of the Italian emperor of the French recoiled before a craft more impenetrable than his own, that even Italians feared to cope with an intellect whose workings they could never altogether perceive, Count Cavour was still brave to the very verge of statesman-like audacity. The courage which annexed the *Æmilia* in spite of French reluctance, which invaded the *Marches* in the face of Austrian threats, which placed all to hazard rather than lose the instant annexation of the Two Sicilies, struck even Jacobins with amaze. There is nothing in the history of the Convention more audacious than the seizure of *Umbria* in the face of the Catholic world, nothing a Borgia ever attempted more subtle than the policy which used a province of Austria to baffle Austrian revenge. Nor was this quality displayed towards enemies alone. Twice did Cavour, after *Villafranca*, face the wrath of his own countrymen: once when he bade them bear the cries of Venice as he had borne their own, and once when in full debate he met and defeated the popular idol, bound a reluctant people to quiescence for one more year, and terminated a possible civil war by a frank reconciliation with a foe. It was, indeed, in party conflict that the character of the statesman shone most luminously, for he possessed the two characteristics so rarely found in unison, but which, when they are, make popular leaders irresistible. He was an aristocrat who could sympathize with the people. No man resisted pressure from below with so impatient a hauteur. No man insisted so absolutely on the right of the governor to govern, required more implicit obedience from his followers, or defied his friends with a colder superiority. But he never irritated the people, never pushed opposition beyond what the popular mind could bear, never set to himself an end that was different from theirs. The Mazzinians, resentful of an intellect before which their policy was childishness, habitually called him false; but how stand the facts? Eng-

lishmen from the Treaty of Paris have watched Italian affairs more keenly than their own. Have they ever doubted, from the day when Cavour called the attention of Europe to the necessity of a change, to the day when the discussion of the Roman question aggravated his disease, that the premier was toiling to one single end—the Unity of Italy? That the ineffable grandeur of his end may occasionally have blinded his conscience to the means he thought indispensable to success, we are not in a position to deny. But it is not for Italians, at all events, to deery the man who, rather than surrender their hopes of future peace, gave up his own, who, himself the haughtiest of aristocrats, yielded himself to the dictation of an Italian parvenu, risked his reputation, and stained his conscience, rather than by following his own impulse endanger their aspirations. Italy had made no slight progress towards immaculate honor in statesmanship when she advanced from Machiavelli to Cavour, and the Mazzinians may yet find that with their great foe the barrier of Italy against France has disappeared.

It is useless as yet to predict the immediate effect this calamity may exercise on the fortunes of the Italian kingdom. Men have an instinctive feeling that the revolution is let loose, but events often confound anticipation. It seems, at the first glance, as if no one were left to take his place, but the ascendancy of one man like Cavour is apt to dwarf all in his vicinity. There may be unsuspected power in some of his colleagues; force latent in Ricasoli's exquisite character, political genius in Minghetti's undoubted administrative capacity. Italy is the only land where genius is endemic, and unless deserted by Providence, she will not lack a statesman in her need. But the fitting successor to Cavour will take time to develop, and meanwhile Italy has lost the only leader who could exert revolutionary energy without the revolutionary contempt for law. She has lost, too, the only leader whom her people would trust without perceiving the whole of his design, the only one who could be considered in himself a guarantee for that alliance of opinion which had so greatly facilitated her freedom. Externally, Italy loses in Count Cavour a man who secured to her the confidence of foreign nations in her ultimate success. Internally, the despondency and national deadness sure to follow the death of a trusted leader will be a dangerous source of weakness to a country still trusting chiefly to an unorganized public spirit, and assailed by cabinets, to each of which the same event brings a new hope and energy. In Rome and in Vienna, statesmen, accustomed to believe the lead-

ers all and the people nothing, will feel that their opportunity has arrived, and strain every nerve to bring matters once more to the decision of the sword. If the same feeling does not prevail at Paris, it will only be because Louis Napoleon prefers the aid of united Italy upon the Rhine, to the direct influence of France over a disunited peninsula. In any case, the interference which no French emperor can avoid, will now that the one man Louis Napoleon feared is gone, be more frequent and more peremptory. With her people dispirited and her enemies encouraged, Italy, whatever the result, will have immediate cause to mourn. If true to herself, she may yet win the game, but the death of Cavour imposes on the country the necessity it has hitherto escaped of finding guidance as well as fidelity, a policy as well as the devotion which made policy so triumphant.

The loss to Europe is almost as great as to the Italians themselves. Count Cavour, availing himself always of the revolution, was still a barrier to its destructive effect. He did not stop the locomotive, but he kept it on the rails. With his death the restraint is lifted from Garibaldi, from the Hungarians, and, most dangerous fact of all, from the tortured people of Rome. It will require a patience which is scarcely in human nature for Romans or Hungarians to bear the defeat this calamity will appear to bring. Despair is a bad counsellor, and we greatly fear that, despairing of success from a government of comparative mediocrities or of justice from Napoleon, the Italians may listen to the suggestions so steadily put forward by the evil genius of their country. The ultras, masters in Hungary, and Joseph Mazzini once more powerful in Rome, the prospects of European order will become faint indeed. Should the struggle be once commenced, it is not Italy alone who will mourn the glorious intellect and intrepid heart of Camillo Count Cavour.

From The Economist, 8 June.

THE DEATH OF COUNT CAVOUR.

THE foremost statesman in Europe—the man whose life was of the highest political value to the world, and second only in importance to that of the emperor of the French—is no more. The death of Count Cavour is felt to be an event of the same unspeakable moment, though, as it seems to Englishmen, of exactly opposite tendency, with that which so suddenly snatched away the late czar in the middle of the Crimean war. The death of Nicholas was the death-blow of the aggressive policy in Russia; and the enemies of Italy will no doubt dare to hope that the re-

moval of the great leader of Italian regeneration will prove a catastrophe as fatal to the hopes which he inspired, and the far-sighted policy by which he advanced with sure and equal step to their realization. But the parallel is utterly delusive. Count Cavour was the leader of an advancing age, and did but represent a moral force which secured for his country the sympathy of all advancing nations, and the fear or respect of even the most retrograde. The power by which he worked was not his own, and does not die with him. Nicholas, on the other hand, represented a policy which belonged to the past rather than to the present; with strong, unflinching determination he strove to stem the tide of European opinion, and he rallied for this purpose the forlorn hope of Russian barbarism. For his death, therefore, there was no remedy;—the power by which he had worked was dwindling fast even beneath his hands, and faded rapidly away when he was struck down. He restored and represented a dying tradition; Count Cavour created and represented a new spring of national pride and hope which will constitute the tradition of unborn generations.

The events of his short but crowded political career, which extended only over eleven years,—and the most important part of it during which he was prime minister only over nine,—have been too often recapitulated within the last two days to need formal narration here. Those years of his life in which the political character is chiefly formed were passed in England: he did not return to Piedmont until he was thirty-two years old; and hence it has been the greatest pride of English statesmen to point to Count Cavour's wonderful success as in some sense a graft taken from a British stock. Nor is it mere national egotism to believe this. It was his clear-sighted financial creed, and a great financial speech in 1850, which first introduced him to power; and he had learned his political economy from Adam Smith. It was a speech on ecclesiastical jurisdiction, expressing his deep conviction that all Churches should be zealously restrained from interference with secular affairs, which first gained him extensive popularity in Italy;—and such a Church he had seen in England and England alone. It was his steady belief in a Constitution worked by the natural aristocracy of a country, but yet in close connection with the popular mind, which gave him an instrument at once sufficiently powerful and sufficiently under control to carry out his great designs; and such a Constitution he had seen only in England.

Yet, though England may have supplied him with political principles suited to his

needs, it certainly could not have given him the consummate power with which he used them. Probably no English statesmen that ever lived would have exhibited, under such circumstances, so striking a combination of audacity and tact,—of courage to incur a great risk, and sagacity in measuring what risk would be too great,—of equal power to strike, and to hold back his own supporters from striking, according to the circumstances, as Count Cavour. No statesman known to history has ever counted the cost of such great dangers with so cool and strong a mind. He was as strong in defeat as in success. It was nearly the first act of his political career, after the great disaster of Novara, to urge the duty of cordially strengthening Charles Albert's Government instead of indulging in useless recriminations. And his first great venture as a minister was so contrived as to be a cordial to the Italian spirit,—a stimulant to the exhausted hopes of a long-oppressed nation. The master-stroke of forcing Sardinia into a favorable comparison with Austria by sending an army to the Crimea, while Austria remained sullen and passive in the Principalities, gained him even far more power at home than abroad, because it raised the hopes and animated the national pride of Italy. Nor was it Count Cavour's fault if he was subsequently obliged to wound that national spirit in the equivalent rendered for the aid of France. Had England been willing in 1856 to unite with France and Sardinia in resolutely curbing the influence of Austria in Italy, the same great result might possibly have been obtained without the same humiliating price. It is well known that Count Cavour applied, and applied in vain, to England for a counterweight to the influence of France,—and that the great debt of exclusive obligation afterwards incurred was incurred in consequence of our refusal to interfere.

But neither in sending a Sardinian contingent to the Crimea, nor in the negotiation of the French alliance, did Count Cavour display so happy a combination of sagacity and daring, as in the occupation of the Umbrian Marches last year, and the summons to the pope to dismiss his foreign auxiliaries. Had Garibaldi been permitted to push on into the Roman territory, the revolution would have passed beyond the control of Sardinia, and an anarchy risked which would have brought down either an Austrian or an extended French intervention. Had Sardinia prohibited Garibaldi's movement upon the Roman territory, as she did the further movement upon Venetia, the unpopularity incurred would have probably overthrown the Sardinian Ministry and seriously risked

the Sardinian leadership. The reasons for the movement were urgent and weighty, but the danger confronted was enormous. The pope was driven to extremities,—Austria had a new and almost unanswerable excuse for marching to his aid, since the moral logic of the step would certainly have justified quite as well the invasion of Venetia,—and the Ultramontane party in France was irritated into an opposition so vindictive, that it was far from certain whether the emperor might not be obliged to withdraw his countenance. It cannot be doubted that in discriminating the true moment to defy the pope and take the formal guidance of the Neapolitan revolution, Count Cavour gave proof of the rarest and highest statesman-like genius. He had before him a problem in which all the alternatives seemed equally menacing. He instinctively chose for his country the solution which involved danger indeed, but no humiliation,—not the loss of that leadership which had been during so many months of Garibaldi's enterprise, in partial abeyance; and the resolve raised him to a place in the nation's affections of which he can now never be deprived.

That such a statesman should be cut off while Rome is still in the hands of France, and Venetia still in the hands of Austria, is more than tragic,—for in tragedy the intertwining threads are all cut together,—but here the country's need continues, though the man who could best satisfy it is gone. In no one else can the same powers be found united;—the capacity for ruling rightly, and the capacity for convincing a free people that they are ruled rightly;—the power to win

the confidence of an Italian Parliament as no one else could win it, and the power to use the authority so gained as no one else could use it. No English statesman except Pitt has ever gained a power so nearly equivalent to a dictatorship as Count Cavour has exercised for the past nine years over the growing State of Sardinia. Nor is such a combination of practical sagacity and intellectual sagacity,—of the passion that sways, the reasoning that guides, the strength that retains, and the humor that fascinates men,—often seen combined in the same person. Ricasoli, Minghetti, Ratazzi, all seem dwarfed beside the great intellect and will which have so recently been put forth in all their power, not only to grasp new conquests, but to restrain his countrymen from snatching at the inaccessible. But that firm faith in the destinies of his country expressed in his last hour by the dying statesman has been sown by him in so many Italian hearts that it will be impossible for them to despond. It was the last crowning triumph of his life to reconcile all the great men who had assisted him in the glorious work. And now, though in the bitterness of their loss, when they look at Rome and Venetia, many may feel inclined to echo the melancholy old words of patriotic despondency, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved,"—they will not allow themselves to doubt that the same Power which raised up Count Cavour for his work, and engraved its purposes on the marvellous triumphs of his short administration, will find instruments noble enough to complete what he has so nobly begun.

PLAGUE CROSS.—Some time ago being at the library at Guildhall with the late librarian Mr. Herbert, we were turning over some papers which apparently had not been opened for years, and which were chiefly broadsides, when we discovered a printed sheet, which no doubt was one of the dread "Plague Crosses" which was affixed by the authorities to the doors of the houses where there was infection. As I remember, it was the ordinary size of a broadside, and bore a black cross extending to the edges of the paper, on which was printed the words "Lord, have mercy upon us." In the four quarters, formed by the limbs of the cross, directions for managing the patient, regulations for the visits of the medical men, and the supply of medicines, food, and water were also printed. Mr. Herbert

was delighted at the discovery of so curious a relic of old London, which he considered perfectly unique. On visiting Guildhall a short time back, I inquired of the active and intelligent sub-librarian what had become of this relic, when he assured me they certainly had not got such a thing in their possession, and in fact he had never heard of such a thing. It is supposed it may have been stolen during Mr. Herbert's illness. At the same time I discovered a sort of proclamation of the House of Commons, which appeared to have been printed very shortly after the attempt of the king to seize the five members. I regret extremely I did not take a copy of it at the time, as this also is missing. Are any of the readers of "N. & Q." aware of the existence of a Plague Cross? If so, I should be extremely obliged if it could be inspected.

From Once a Week.

A FORGOTTEN POET.

Forty years ago the literary world was thrown into a ferment by the appearance of an article in the *Quarterly Review*, in which the poetical productions of a young and humble farm-laborer were noticed with a degree of favor somewhat unusual in the pages of the Giant of Criticism; and well did the poor poet sustain the reputation thus unexpectedly thrust on him, for seldom had an individual been more blameless in his private character, or more deserving in his public capacity, than John Clare, whose mild disposition furnishes such a genial and pleasing commentary on his vivid and oftentimes exquisitely beautiful delineation of rustic life and manners.

John Clare was born in July, 1793, at Helpstone, a little village in the easternmost part of Northamptonshire; so that, at the present time, he is about sixty-seven years of age. His parents were paupers, and consequently his education was of a very meagre description, while his extremely weak and delicate constitution naturally rendered the rearing of him through childhood a source of great trouble and anxiety to his mother and father.

Many of the incidents of his infancy and early life are described with unaffected pathos in his poem of "The Village Minstrel," and several minor pieces.

While yet an infant he was placed in the village "dame-school," more for the sake of being kept out of "harm's way" than from any hope of his learning to read; but even here his natural genius early displayed itself, for he managed to acquire the art of placing two syllables together, and thenceforth made such rapid progress, that before he was six years old he could read a chapter from the Bible.

But he had no sooner achieved this infantine triumph, than he was taken away from the school to be employed, even at his tender age, in the harvest-field, and for awhile his studies were ended.

"At the age of twelve he assisted in the laborious employment of threshing: the boy, in his father's own words, was weak, but willing, and the good old man made a flail for him somewhat suitable to his strength. When his share of the day's toil was over he eagerly ran to the village school under the

belfry, and, in this desultory and casual manner, gathered his imperfect knowledge of language and skill in writing. At the early period of which we speak, Clare felt the poetic æstrum.

"He relates that twice or thrice in the winter-weeks it was his office to fetch a bag of flour from the village of Maxey, and darkness often came on before he could return. The state of his nerves corresponded with his slender frame. The tales of terror with which his mother's memory shortened the long nights returned freshly to his fancy the next day, and to beguile the way and dissipate his fears, he used to walk back with his eyes fixed immovably on the ground, revolving in his mind some adventure 'without a ghost in it,' which he turned into verse." *

He has alluded to the latter fact in his "Village Minstrel":—

"He had his dreads and fears, and scarce could pass
A churchyard's dreary mounds at silent night;
But footsteps trampled through the rustling grass,
And white ghosts 'hind gravestones stood in sheets of white;
Dread monsters fancy moulded on his sight;
Soft would he step lest they his tread should hear,
And creep and creep till past his wild affright;
Then on wind's wings would rally as it were,
So swift the wild retreat of childhood's fancied fear."

It may be that these frequent occasions of imaginary terror had a tendency to develop the seeds of the fearful malady which has so unfortunately clouded the later years of his existence; and this circumstance should operate as a warning to those who have the care of the young. When Clare was about fifteen years of age, he experienced the universal poetic mania by scribbling his poetical compositions on stray pieces of paper, which he gave to his mother, but the worthy dame did not place so high a value on them as did her son, for she used them to light the fire, a process which might prove of some service in preserving the reputations of many of our modern would-be poets.

The poor lad's condition at this period of his life was truly a sad one, for he had neither the strength nor inclination to join in the rough boisterous sports and pastimes of

* "The Quarterly Review;" May, 1820.

his neighbors, and none of his fellow-laborers possessed intellectual abilities sufficient to share John's poetical tastes, therefore he was compelled to roam about in silent and desponding loneliness:—

"A more uncouthly lad was hardly seen
Beneath the shroud of ignorance than he;
The sport of all the village he has been,
Who with his simple looks oft jested free;
And gossips, gabbling o'er their cakes and
tea,
Time after time did prophecies repeat,
How like a ninny he was like to be,
To go so 'soodling' * up and down the
street,
And shun the playing boys whene'er they
chanced to meet."

Nothing tends so much to dishearten the humble self-educated toiler as the terrible state of solitariness in which he is placed by reason of the low intellectual standard of the majority of those amongst whom he is—by reason of his social position—compelled to live; because they are so apt to ridicule or persecute those of their class whose tastes and opinions do not harmonize with their own. This was felt most acutely by poor Clare, who could—even with all his good-nature—ill conceal his contempt and aversion for the boorish customs and rude pleasures of his village neighbors. As he advanced towards manhood the clouds of trouble and disaster began to gather yet more densely around him, for his father became too infirm to labor for the scanty pittance which he had hitherto earned, and his mother was compelled to pass all her time in tending her feeble partner; so that the unfortunate poet had to support all three by his own labor, and this, too, by submitting to a degree of physical exertion which his delicate organization was incapable of sustaining for any length of time without injury. But he bravely and manfully fought his way through, although his wages were only *thirty pounds per annum*!

Yet even this cheerless and dispiriting state of affairs would have been supportable, had Clare not felt so painfully the loneliness which his genius and his poverty occasioned him, and to which he has so touchingly alluded in several of his poems; but the poet was born under an adverse star, and excepting on a few rare occasions, misfortune never appeared weary of his companionship.

* *Soodling*. Sauntering lazily along. "Baker's Glossary."

At length he determined to attempt the publication of his poems, but he did not possess sixpence in the world, and what was he to do?

He had no friends, no money; in fact, nothing but his talents and his poverty, the latter of which he would but too gladly have dispensed with. The printing of circulars, franking them, canvassing for subscribers, and other preliminaries, cost far more forty years since, than in these days of penny postage and cheap railway fares, and so our poet found, but he was determined not to give up his pet project, and accordingly he managed, by dint of great—we fear excessive—self-denial, to save a sovereign, with which he caused three hundred prospectuses to be printed, and these he undertook to distribute himself. But his evil fortune still pursued him, for, not being able to pass them into other hands than those of the villagers, his efforts were entirely thrown away; as Clare himself humorously confesses, for he never obtained more than *seven* subscribers, and despite all his appeals and exertions, these persisted in repeating with Wordsworth's Child, "Nay, we are Seven." However, one of these circulars was the means of introducing him to the notice of a then flourishing London bookselling firm—Messrs. Taylor and Hessey—who gave him £20 for the MSS. of his poems, and undertook the responsibility of publishing them on their own account. The venture was successful, for in those days a literary handicraftsman was somewhat more rare than in these times of Mechanics' Institutions, Athenæum *soirées*, and Mutual Improvement Associations; and Clare speedily became the "rage" of the town, who invited him to all the fashionable balls, routs, and other assemblages.

Our fathers ran after the poet with the same display of eagerness and excitement evinced at a more recent period, when hip-popotami and Nepaulese princes divided the smiles of wealth and fashion. But amid the crowd, there were many who could appreciate the real worth of John Clare, and—to their honor, be it spoken—they displayed their feelings in deeds, not words.

The Marquis of Exeter sent for John to "Burghley House, by Stamford town," and settled an annuity of £15 on him, while Earl Spencer, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord John Russell, and other noblemen and gentle-

men, contributed largely to a fund for the permanent provision of the poet, and which still forms his main support. It seemed as if Fortune had tired of frowning on the poor fellow, and in a fit of repentance, was lavishing all her favors on him; but, ah! love came—the witching rogue—in the shape of “Patty of the Vale,” and after singing—

“What are riches?—not worth naming,
Though with some they may prevail;
Theirs be choice of wealth proclaiming,
Mine be Patty of the Vale,”

he married, and thenceforth the sunshine began to vanish, and the grim, dark clouds slowly arose in its place. Not that his wife was an unfit helpmate for him; but that the connubial state and the expenses of his frequent jaunts told heavily on his finances, and he began to grow gloomy and desponding. However, he set about the task of improving his neglected education, and in 1821 he published “The Village Minstrel,” which has already been alluded to; in 1827, “The Shepherd’s Calendar;” and in 1833, “The Rural Muse,” his last and most finished work. So intent had Clare been on rectifying his educational deficiencies, that his “Rural Muse” displayed an amount of grace and polish totally unexpected by his admirers, but, alas! in proportion to the development of his powers, the poet’s popularity waned, and the unsold copies of his works which crowded the publishers’ shelves but too truly testified to the neglect and indifference of the fickle public. Poor Clare felt the blow, and became more moody and sad in his demeanor, till at last the springs of his overwrought mind gave way, and he became hopelessly insane.* He was, after awhile, removed to the Northampton County Lunatic Asylum, where he still remains; and where we recently visited him by the courteous permission of the medical superintendent, who generally refuses the same favor to others, because he deems, and rightly too, that his patients should not be made an “exhibition” of. Passing through several of the wards, we were ushered into what we at first deemed to be a gentleman’s private sitting-room, but which was the ordinary sitting-chamber of the better class of patients; and which appeared very cosy and comfortable with its mahogany chairs, table, and couch,

* I do not think this was the cause of his madness.—J. P.

warm soft carpets, and cheerful fire. Several patients were lounging about, and in a recess formed by one of the windows, which commanded a beautiful view of the large and spacious gardens belonging to the establishment, sat John Clare. Time had dealt gently with the poet, who—making allowance for his increased years—bore a very striking resemblance to the portrait of him prefixed to “The Village Minstrel.” He was rather short in stature, with a very large forehead, and mild, benevolent-looking features. On our approaching him, we found him to be extremely taciturn, but the attendant informed us that in general Clare was good-humored, obedient, and cheerful.

He was reading a somewhat bulky volume, which he had obtained from the extensive library belonging to the institution, and appeared deeply interested in its contents. He still amuses himself by writing short pieces, of which the following is a fair specimen:—

“THE DAISY.

“The daisy is a happy flower
That comes with early spring;
And brings with it the sunny hour,
When bees are on the wing.

“It brings with it the butterfly,
And humble early-bee;
The polyanthus goldeneye,
And blooming apple-tree.

“Hedge sparrows form their mossy nests
By the old garden hedge,
Where schoolboys, in their idle glee,
Seek ‘pooties’* as their pledge.

“The cow stands browsing all the day
Over the orchard gate;
And eats her bits of sweet old hay,
While Goody stands to wait;

“Lest what’s not eaten the rude wind
May rise and snatch away,
Over the neighbor’s hedge behind,
Where hungry cattle lay.

“March 20, 1860. JOHN CLARE.”

The last two verses contain some faint traces of the humor which formed such a conspicuous feature in his earlier works, while the poem itself is remarkable for its extreme simplicity, and its evidence of poor Clare’s deeply rooted fondness for old asso-

* *Pooty*. Miss Baker, in her excellent Northamptonshire Glossary, defines this word as meaning a “snail-shell,” but Clare has here used it signifying a young hedge-sparrow, in which sense it is still used in the county.

ciations. Miss Mitford, in her "Notes of a Literary Life," has given some account of the delusions of the poet; and in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1857, there is a powerful and graphic paper on Northamptonshire, in which some account is given of the olden home of Clare at Northborough, where his wife resides; and which we are informed "shows in the neatness of its arrangement and furniture marks of a higher cultivation than the ordinary laborer's home: in its books, many of them the gift of friends,—in the framed engravings, portraits of his benefactors—in flowers more abundant and

more choice than in common cottage gardens—just such a holding as one would wish the Village Minstrel to enjoy."

Whether Clare will ever recover from the malady with which he is afflicted, is a matter of doubt; but so many of his old friends and benefactors have been removed by the hands of death, that it is perhaps better for him to be as he is, than to awaken to reason and find himself amongst a new generation who know, and yet know him not, so little is he in fashion with the present generation.

JOHN PLUMER.

Kettering, May, 1861.

A MAN OF FEELING.

Of much he talked, and much he wrote,
Fine words of feeling nicely blent
With tender touches, sweet to quote,
And little thrills of sentiment.

Oh, fine and sympathetic toes
That turned aside to spare the worm;
Kind heart, that disregarded woes
Which merely took a human form!

Except when far Tahiti's sons
Could draw his bounty o'er the main,
And leave those hungry wretched ones
To perish in a neighboring lane.

O noble soul! surpassing all
In depth of pity, breadth of sense,
How often has the crowded hall
Re-echoed to thine eloquence!

And men bepraised the liberal hand,
And men extolled the mighty views,
And spread the name throughout the land,
That figured in the morning news.

Then reverence the good man's grave,
And let your grief be like his own,
And give him all he ever gave—
That soft and tender thing—a stone!

ARCHBISHOP TALBOT.—The following extract from *Foxes and Firebrands*, part ii. p. 69 (Dublin 1832), is worthy, I think, of a corner in "N. & Q.," and accordingly I send it:—

"Several of his Majesties Subjects of Ireland being in London upon the death of Oliver Cromwell the Usurper, who were more desirous to see his Funeral Solemnities than to see him officiate in his Tyrannical Government, ob-

tained leave to be at a Friend's House a Westminster, to behold the Celebration thereof: John King, then Dean of Tuam, a faithful subject of his Majesties, shewed to several of the Spectators, saying, There goes Peter Talbot [afterwards Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, 1669-1680] amongst the Mourners in deep Mourning; which had not these Spectators seen, they would scarcely have believed that it had been he. At that time, it being the fashion for Mourners not to cast off their Mourning Cloaks so soon as they do now-a-days, he was seen by several to walk in the same habit, with his Cloak fold under his arm, for some months after this Funeral, walking in the Piazza, in Covent Garden, and other Streets of the City of London."

GEN. MARION'S LAST WORDS.—A life of the above South Carolina hero, by Major S. Horry, published in 1848, gives the author's account of the general's last words, which are very remarkable:—

"Ambitious demagogues will rise, and the people, through ignorance and love of change, will follow them. Vast armies will be formed and bloody battles fought. And after desolating their country with all the horrors of civil war, the guilty survivors will have to bend their necks to the iron yokes of some stern usurper, and like beasts of burden to drag unpitied those galling chains which they have riveted upon themselves forever."

DURING the first four months of the present year the British importations of foreign breadstuffs amounted to ninety million of dollars. In 1860 for the same period they were but twenty-two million five hundred thousand.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND BEFORE BURNS.

BY JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP.

THERE was a time, long since gone, when poetry and music were one. If there was instrumental music without poetry, there was no word-poetry without either vocal or instrumental music, or both. But in time the twin sisters were sundered "not without tears." If the separation brought some gain to each, it brought also some loss. In one kind of poetry alone has the divorce not been effected—in those vocal melodies which now monopolize the name of song. In all the other forms of modern poetry it is complete; only some hint of the former union still lives in the words "lyre," "harp," and such like, applied to the poet's work—words not so wide of the reality as to have become trite and meaningless. Yet, notwithstanding this long divorce, there is a kinship between the inward swell of all emotion and musical sound, which nothing can destroy—a subtle connection, to which no form of merely read words, however perfect, is adequate, but which forces those who feel it deeply to give it utterance by not reading, but chanting all high poetry. No man ever yet felt the power of a fine poem without being tempted to intone it. Every poet, I suppose, chants, not reads, his own poetry, thus unconsciously vindicating the old name of singer, or *ἀοιδός*. It is as if poetry, even after centuries of separation, still remembered the home of her childhood, and went wandering back in search of her long-lost sister. An interesting subject of thought this kinship between poetry and music, on which, however, I cannot linger, but must turn to the one kind of poetry in which they are still combined. And nowhere is that union more perfect than in the national songs of Scotland.

It is not, however, on their musical, so much as on their poetical side that I shall now regard them. While they interest us by representing, in the best sense of the word, the poetry of the people, they win our admiration by their literary excellence. Often, the songs or poems which have found most favor with the poor are not excellent, while those which are excellent have not pleased the poor.

The greatest poets of our country, Milton, Spenser, Wordsworth, even Shakspeare—

these require, at least, some education for their appreciation. However wide be their audience, it is still limited. As you descend in the social scale, you reach a class, and that numerically by far the largest, into which they have never penetrated. How many a worthy artisan and field laborer has there been in England to whom Shakspeare was a name uncareed for, perhaps unknown! But in the songs of Scotland we meet with words, which, while they thrill the simplest, most untutored bosoms, as no book poetry can, find a scarcely less full response in hearts the most educated and refined. This, then, their catholicity, their power of commanding a universal sympathy, is their first strong claim on our regard.

Akin to this is that other characteristic of them—their transparent truthfulness. No other poetry I know keeps so close to life and nature, giving the fact as truly as a photograph, yet idealizing it. Veritable Pro-Raphaelites, these old song-makers must have been, without knowing it. It would almost seem as if there were no art, no literature, in them; as though they were the very words, as they fell from the lips, of actual men and women. These are the true pastorals, by the side of which all pastorals and idyls, ancient and modern, look artificial and unreal. The productions, many of them, not of book-learned men, but of country people, with country life, cottage characters and incidents for their subject, they utter the very feelings which poor men have felt, in the very words and phrases which poor men have used. No wonder the people love them: for never was the heart of any people more fully rendered in poetry than Scotland's heart in these songs. Like the hoddin gray, the cotters' wear in former times, warp and woof, they are entirely homespun. The stuff out of which they are composed,—

"The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't,"

is the fibre of a stout and worthy peasantry. Here are no Arcadian lawns or myrtle bowers, but the heathery "knowes" and broomy "burnsides," the "bught," the byre, the stackyard, and blazing "ingle"—no Damons or Chloes, but Willie and Jeanie—the Allans and Marions of our villages and heather-thatched cottage-homes. Every way you take them—in authorship, in subject, in

sentiment, in tone, in language—they are the creation and the property of the people. And, if educated men and high-born ladies, and even some of the Scottish kings have added to the store, it was only because they had lived familiarly among the peasantry—felt as they felt, and spoke their language—that they were enabled to sing such strains as their country's heart would own. For the whole character of these melodies, various as they are, is so peculiar and pronounced that the smallest foreign element introduced, one word out of keeping, grates on the ear, and mars the music.

Note also their power to unite past with present, blending ancient with modern life. Laying such a hold on the far past, they so bring it down into the present, they have such antiquity of style, yet such continuity, that in them old things are new, and new old. Homeliest occurrences of to-day are rescued from vulgarity, and take new interest and dignity, when touched with their mellowing light. Rising far back in the warlike centuries, they come down through all changes of Scottish life, even till the present hour, full of the rugged manhood, the drollery, the humor broad or sly, the light-hearted merriment, the simple tenderness, here and there the devout pathos, of the men who first sang them; letting in, with a word or two, the whole scenery of a country-side for background; condensing into a line a whole world of Scottish manners and character—heart-music as they are, of many generations of its people. They have a strain for every season of life, for every mood of soul—seed-time and harvest, bridal and burial, childhood's mirth, manhood's strength, mellow evening of age, the fair and the rocking, house-heatings and harvest-homes, the burn-side tryst, married fellowship of joy and sorrow, jest and laughter, lamentation and tears.

Lastly, as they faithfully represent the peasant life of Scotland, so they throw back on it that consecration which only song can give. There is not a mossed-thatched cottage and kail yard from Tweed to Tay but looks more beautiful for these songs. Blended with the lives of men and women, how many else unknown localities have they made dear, even to eyes that never looked on them! When the Canadian, of Scottish descent, returns after the second or third

generation to visit the land of his ancestors, the names of these melodies are his guides. They come to us, in many tones but one harmony, from Border streams whose very names are songs, Annan, Tweedside, Yar-row—from dusky moorlands, where the shy whaaps are screaming; from Lothian furrows, with their sturdy ploughmen; from "hairst-rigs" of Ayrshire, blithe with shearers' voices, mingled with wilder Celtic cadences from "out-ouer the Forth." The Braes of Atholl and Balquhider are in them, Lochaber, and Moidart, and the far blue Hebrides.

But, though the Highlands have lent some glorious gleams to these songs, they are but gleams, such as the far-off Highland Bens cast down on the plains or lowlier hills of the Lowlands. The Highlanders have their own Celtic music and Celtic songs, of a character entirely distinct. The songs I speak of belong wholly to the Scottish Lowlanders, though they may have caught some of their wildness from the Highlands—a fact I need not have mentioned, but that so many English men and women confound the Scottish Lowlands and Highlands, as if they were all one, knowing not how wide apart they have been, and still are, in their history, their character, and their language.

A like confusion is often made between our ballads and our songs. Though there are a few which might be ranked indifferently under either head, such as are "The bonny Earl o' Moray," and "Bonny George Campbell," yet, as a general rule, they are easily distinguishable. Let those who may be ignorant of the difference compare any of the ballads collected by Scott in his *Border Minstrelsy* with the best-known songs of Burns—"The Outlaw Murray," or "The Douglas Tragedy," for instance, with "O' a' the airts," or "John Anderson, my Jo." He will at once see that, in the ballad, narrative is the main element, and the effect is produced by the undercurrent of power or pathos with which the story is told and the incidents are selected; that the song, on the other hand, is the embodiment of an emotion or sentiment, which is simple, direct, all-pervading; what narrative or reflection there may be is quite subordinate, and is used as the mere framework on which the inspiring sentiment is hung. The moment that narrative predominates, you have a

ballad; that thought becomes prominent, a reflective lyric; but in either case the pure song is gone—for emotion or sentiment is song's vital air, in which alone it lives, removed from which it dies. Lastly, the song must be composed of the simplest, most familiar, most musical words, with that native lilt in them which is melodious feeling become audible—which, coming from the heart, goes straight to the heart.

It is believed by many in the south, and even by some natives of the north, that Scotland's song began with Burns, that he is the creator of it, and that all else there is of it is but an echo of his primal melody. This opinion is contrary to all analogy, is disproved by abundant facts, and would have been disclaimed by no one more indignantly than by Burns himself. It might be truly said that Burns stands to our song, as Shakspeare does to the English drama. What centuries of mystery plays, popular legends, stories from English history, acted in rude fashion to village audiences, must have pioneered the way ere the English drama could culminate in Shakspeare! And for how many generations had Scotland been warbling her native songs ere she uttered herself in the perfect melodies of Burns! To each of these belongs, not the creation, but the ripe glory of his own peculiar art. None knew better, or felt more deeply, than Burns how much he owed to these old nameless song-makers of Scotland. He never alludes to them but with the kindest affection, and fain would have rescued their names and memory from oblivion.

But though, no doubt, the lineage of the words of these songs is old, yet older than them all, and behind them all, lies that great background of native music, which has been the true inspirer of the words, which has come down to us a heritage unidentified with any personal name, but sounding like the far-heard music of nature and time and foregone humanity blending in one. The origin of these tunes, whether they be the remains of the old Roman plain chant, surviving in the people's memory long after it has been banished from their worship; or whether, as some have vainly thought, their seeds were first sown by foreign court-musicians, such as Rizzio; or whether they came to us through our Norse forefathers, as their likeness to the Norwegian tunes and

to songs still sung by the lone Faroe Islanders would perhaps indicate, no one has as yet determined. Mr. Chappell, in his "Popular Music of the Olden Time," has lately claimed for England several tunes which have long been held native to Scotland; but we may leave it to Scottish antiquarians and musicians to maintain the nativity of our tunes, as well as to explain their genius, the sudden transitions from scale to scale, the omission of certain sounds common in other music, the peculiar tonality, which are said to form their most marked characteristics. This only I know—they are like no other tunes. Simple, wild, irregular, yet with a marked, dignified, expressive, character quite their own, "caller" as the mountain air, yet old as the mountains over which it blows—strong and full of purpose, yet with a pleasing vagueness that carries you far away into solitary places, or back into a dim antiquity, or deep down to the child's heart long buried within the man's—often humorous and droll, lively and light-hearted, with the skylark's tones in them, yet earnest as nature's own light-heartedness—oftener sorrowful, with a sadness deepening into profoundest pathos, yet always manly—always, whether in joy or lamentation, truthful, kindly, human-hearted!

The mystery that hangs over the first composers of our oldest airs and words, much as we may long to pierce it, adds I know not how much to their imaginative charm. As we read or hear them, there mingles with their cadences a vague feeling of sympathy with those old nameless song-makers, lying in their unknown graves all Scotland over, "buried," as Wilson beautifully says, "centuries ago in kirkyards that have themselves perhaps ceased to exist, and returned to the wilderness—lonesome burial-places, such as one sometimes sees among the hills, where man's dust continues to be laid after the house of God has been removed elsewhere." Whatever charm there may be in this unknown authorship, there is little fear of its being broken by any results of inquiry. The oldest extant songs cannot be proved, at least, to have existed before the year 1600. Before that, none of our present ones, even if they may have had an oral life, had any existence in print. Nor is this wonderful. What little printing there was in Scotland during the foregoing

century was employed on other documents than the songs of the people. Naturally, these are always the last kind of literature to find their way to the printing-press. But though no individual songs can be identified before A.D. 1600, the lineage of the race can be traced three centuries farther back.

Almost the earliest scrap of our national song that survives is a snatch of a triumphal song for the victory of Bannockburn.

"Maidens of England, sore may you mourne,
For your lemmans ye have lost at Bannoekis-
burne;

With heve a lowe.

What! weeneh the kyng of England

So soone to have won Scotland

With rumbylowe."

"This song," says the English chronicler who preserved it, "was, after many days, sung in dances in the carols of the maidens and minstrels of Scotland, to the reproofe and disdayne of Englishmen, *with dyvers other*, which I overpass." Some other snatches of song have come down to us from the same age, all in the same strain, jeers and gibes of the Scots against "their auld ennemie of England." About a century later, the first James, the ablest of all his race, and one of the most accomplished princes of Europe in the middle age, is well known to have been eminent both as a poet and a musician. During his English captivity, he composed the "King's Quhair"—a poem which Ellis, a good judge, and no Scot, thinks will stand comparison with any like poem of Chaucer. After his return to Scotland, notwithstanding his life-long strifes with his untamed barons, he still found time to compose other poems and songs, and among them a highly humorous poem, called "Pebelis to the Play," which contains the first lines of two songs then sung by the country people. "There fure ane man to the holt" (there went a man to the wood), and "Thair sal be mirth at our meting zit." His two long poems still remain: his songs have all either perished, or perhaps, having become blended with others of later date, are now unidentified.

From the death of James, A.D. 1437, down to the opening of the seventeenth century, the thread of song has been traced by such facts as these: that a rude comic poem called "Cockleby's Sow," of the middle of the fifteenth century, in the description of a rustic merry-making, gives the ti-

ties, or first lines, of about thirty tunes and songs, sung or danced to by the peasantry—titles which, if not exactly the same as, are entirely in the style and tone of, our oldest extant songs; that Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, in the prologue to his translation of the "Æneid" into "Scottish metir"—a book which is a regular mine of the Scottish language, mentions the first lines of several "ring-sangis, dances, ledis, and roundis," commonly sung by the country people of his day; that Wedderburn's "Complaynt of Scotland," the first original work printed in Scottish prose, A.D. 1549, has imbedded in it a whole layer of fossil songs, some of which are perhaps the same as individual songs still well known, while of the greater part the first lines prove them akin to those we still have; lastly, that before the seventeenth century, while an English traveller in Palestine was passing through a village not far from Jerusalem, he overheard a woman as she sat at her door and dandled her child, singing to herself, "Bothwell bank, thou blumest fayre." The Englishman addressed her, and found that she was a Scotch woman, who had married an officer under the Turk, and gone with him first to Venice and thence to Palestine, where she was now soothing her exile with this song from her own country. These and many more like facts serve to mark the existence and course of our national songs before they came down to the age of written evidence, like the thin silver thread among black mountain precipices by which the eye traces the headlong torrent up where distance still keeps it silent and inaccessible.

The seventeenth century is, as has been said, the earliest to which we can with certainty trace back any of our still extant songs, though some of them may be of older date, or may incorporate in themselves older strains. The grounds for fixing the opening of the seventeenth century as the birth-time of our oldest is, that when men began early in last century to collect the most popular songs, there were many which they put down as of unknown antiquity, and which, therefore, cannot be of later date than the time I have named. Shakspeare enables us to fix the date of one of them, or, at least, the time later than which it cannot have been made. Iago quotes, with some striking variations from our set, two verses of the

well-known Scotch song, "Tak your auld cloak about ye"—a song, by the way, which when the late Duke of Wellington once heard sung at a Scottish dinner in London, he was so taken with it, that he asked to have it sung a second time. The occurrence of two verses of this song in the play of "Othello," first published A.D. 1602, and the variations from the Scotch set, suggest one or two interesting questions, which, however, I cannot now stay to consider. There were many things going on in Scotland during that seventeenth century which might have been expected to have driven song-making out of men's heads. Among the educated classical learning had just come in, and much of the best wit of the time spent itself on writing Latin verses. There were educated poets, too, in Scotland then, such as Drummond of Hawthornden, and Alexander, Earl of Stirling; but they disdained their homely mother tongue, and wrote their sonnets in the best English they could achieve. As the century wore on, the people were busy with the Covenant, first maintaining and enforcing it, then suffering for it. And the ministers of that age, it is well known, discouraged all song as profane—not without some reason, it must be owned, from the coarseness and looseness of many that were then most popular. But neither modern learning nor religious wars could drive out of the people's heart the love of their native minstrelsy. From out-of-the-way nooks, here and there, came true snatches of the old strain, genuine outpourings of the old spirit, still pure from the mixture of modern classicalities which a little later nearly put an end to our native melodies. Such are—

1. "The gaberlunzie man."
2. "The auld gudeman."
3. "Todlen bur and Todlen ben."
4. "Andro' and his cutty gun."
5. "Although I be but a country lass."
6. "O, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly."
7. "Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie."
(Old set.)
8. "My love, he's built a bonnie ship, and set her on the sea."
9. "A cock laird fou cadgie wi' Jennie did meet."
10. "On Ettrick banks, ae simmer nicht,
At gloamin, when the sheep gaed hame."
11. "Fy! let us a' to the bridal, for there will be liltin' there."
12. "Oh, saw ye Johnnie comin', quo' she."

It were easy to go on multiplying the

names of songs like these, of undoubtedly the old time; that is, which were reckoned so one hundred and fifty years ago, when men first began to collect the country melodies which till then had only an oral existence. They are born of a kind of life, once universal in Scotland which has now nearly disappeared before large sheep-walks and high-farming, with its bothy-system, or, at least, has retired into the most out-of-the-way moorlands, whither these twin products of modern times have not yet penetrated. They bring before us the "theekit" green moss-roofed farms, with their old-fashioned "buts" and "bens," in which dwelt the gudeman, farmer, or bonnet laird, wearing the antique broad blue bonnet, and clad in homespun hoddin-gray, who tilled the "mailen," or, maybe, small lairdship, with his own labor and that of his family. In such a life, master and servant, if servant there was, lived on a footing of equality and kindliness; dined on the same homely fare, at the same board; sat when work was over by the same ingle cheek. It was a healthful state, in which wants were few, life was strong, and if, in some respects coarse to our apprehensions, it was full of a kindliness and neighborliness, such as is always most marked in early times, and in a retired narrow country. The occurrence of a wedding between a "neibur" lad and lass, a dispute between a "gudeman" and his "kimmer," a harvest "kirm," or a curling "bonspiel," was enough deeply to excite the neighborhood, and to draw forth the fun and broad drollery latent in a whole country-side.

Here is one specimen, called "The barrin' o' the door." Tradition reports the scene of it to have lain in Crauford Muir, a high upland district, near the springs of Clyde, between Lanarkshire and Dumfriesshire; and those who in coaching days may have travelled over it in winter time, on the top of the Glasgow or Carlisle mail, will enter feelingly into the situation of the wedded pair, with their door open to a Martinmas moorland wind on a winter night in such a place:—

"It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was than,
When our gudewife had puddin' to mak,
And she boiled them in a pan.
And the barrin' o' our door, weil, weil, weil,
And the barrin' o' our door, weil.

"The wind blew cauld frae south to north,
And blew into the floor;
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
'Get up and bar the door.'
And the barrin', etc.

"My hand is in my hussy skep,
Gudeman, as ye may see;
And it shou'd na be barr'd thir hunner year,
It's no be barr'd for me,' etc.

"They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
The first that spak the foremost word
Shou'd rise and bar the door, etc.

"Then by there came twa gentlemen,
At twal' o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor ha',
Nor coal nor candle licht, etc.

"Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a pair?
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barrin' o' the door, etc.

"And first they ate the white puddins',
And syne they ate the black:
Tho' muckle thoct the gudewife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spak, etc.

"Then said the t'ane unto the t'other,
'Hae, man, tak ye my knife;
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife,' etc.

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than?
'What ails ye, at the puddin' broo,
That boils into the pan?' etc.

"Oh, then up startit our gudeman,
And an angry man was he:
'Wad ye kiss my wife before my face,
And scaud me wi' puddin' bree?' etc.

"Then up and startit our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor:
'Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door.'"

Of probably the same age, though in a far other spirit, is that heart-broken strain, beginning—

"O Waly, Waly, up the bank."

Let no Englishman read it "Waily, Waily," as they sometimes do, but as broadly as they can get their lips to utter it, "O Wawly, Wawly."

Chambers, following Motherwell, supposes the subject of it to have been a Lady Barbara Erskine, married in 1670, to the second Marquis of Douglas, who, having had his mind poisoned by the foul slander of some former lover of his wife, deserted her, while she was confined in childbed, and never saw her more. However this may be, poetry has

nowhere any thing more forsaken and heart-lorn,—

"O Waly, Waly, up the bank,
And Waly, Waly, down the brae,
And Waly, Waly, yon burnside,
Where I and my luvie were wont to gae!
I leaned my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true luvie did lichtlie me.

"O Waly, Waly, but luvie be bonnie,
A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.
Oh, wherefore should I busk my head?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true has me forsuke,
And says he'll never luvie me mair.

"Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaws inclemensie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My luvie was clad in black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

"But had I wist, afore I kissed,
That luvie had been so ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh! oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me!"

These two samples fairly represent the style and range of our oldest extant songs. The name of no author claims them—indeed, few authors' names have come down to us from earlier than the eighteenth century. Two of the seventeenth, however, may be mentioned—Semple of Beltrees, reputed author of "Fy! let us a' to the bridal," and "Maggy Lauder," though his claim to these is not beyond question, and Lord Yester, maker of the oldest and best set of words to the air of "Tweedside."

But the most marked epoch in the history of song before Burns was the advent of Allan Ramsay, and the publication of his "Tea-table Miscellany," A.D. 1724. Allan was born and lived, till his fifteenth year, among the Lead Hills, by the springs of Clyde, a pastoral district, rich in native songs and music, the love of which clung to him throughout his life, which was spent in very different scenes. When he was only fifteen he left for good his native hills, and came to Edinburgh, where he was apprenticed to

a peruke-maker, then a flourishing trade, as this was the age when perukes roofed all fashionable skulls. But as soon as his time was out, Allan quitted the wig-making trade, lucrative though it was—a good wig then cost from twenty to fifty guineas—and opened a bookseller's shop; choosing rather, in his own words, "to line the inside of the pash, than to theek the out." From this shop issued, from time to time on single sheets, Ramsay's songs and other productions, which were greedily bought up as they appeared. In 1724, they were all given to the world in the "Tea-table Miscellany," a collection of songs, containing four distinct kinds: 1st, Old characteristic songs, which had floated among the people "time out of mind;" 2d, Songs of the same kind, but changed and recoted at the discretion of the editor; 3d, About sixty songs by Allan himself, with thirty by "some ingenious young gentlemen, who were so well pleased with his undertaking that they generously lent him their assistance." These are generally headed by, and bear the names of, very old tunes, and were probably substituted for others of the antique stamp, which Allan may have deemed too homely, or, it may be, sometimes too coarse for publication. 4th, A number of English songs.

The appearance of this miscellany was remarkable many ways, but it was not for the excellence of the majority of its contents. In truth, we should not lose much if, of the four divisions, the last two were utterly expunged. For Allan himself no Scot but must entertain a most kindly feeling. He was an honest, social, blithe-hearted "chield," not without a strain of his country's humor, and every way a patriotic Scot. But while we thank him for what of our songs he has preserved, we are provoked that he should not have preserved more while he might. As for his own songs, not to mention those written by his friends, not one of them is of the highest order. I am not sure that there is one of them all which a critical editor, intent on culling only the flower of Scottish melody, could admit into his collection. With a natural line, sometimes a genuine verse here and there, there is not one that has the ring of the true metal from end to end.

It must be said, however, that Burns never speaks of him but with warmest gratitude.

In his poem on "Pastoral Poetry," after lamenting the scarcity of true pastoral poets, he breaks out into this hearty strain—

"Yes, there is ane, a Scottish callan—
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou need na jouk behind the hallan,
A chiel sae clever!
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallan,
But thou's forever!

"In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes
Wi' hawthorn gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherds' lays
At close o' day."

But this applies rather to his pastoral drama, "The Gentle Shepherd," than to his songs.

The fact is, that Allan had a genuine love of our native songs, but his town life, and the literature then fashionable, were too much for him. From his fifteenth year he lived solely in Edinburgh, with only brief glimpses of the country, so that there is in his would-be pastoral songs an unreality and a mawkishness, along with a coarseness and obtuseness in the sentiment, if not in the words, very unlike the directness and heartiness of the old. Then he lived among the classicalities and frigidities of the Queen Anne poetry, than which can any thing be imagined more alien to our old minstrelsy! Can we wonder that Ramsay could not set at naught its influence, but tried to engraft some of its refinements on the old stock? But the result was a very deluge of vapid classicalities, which had nearly extinguished the native fire—Scottish lads and lasses appearing as Damon, Phyllis and Chloris, calling the sun Phæbus, and the moon Cynthia, and vowing fidelity by Jove and Pallas.

But even in its greatest obscurity, during the first half of last century, the ancient lyrical inspiration never failed. However those who were exposed to the then nascent literature of Edinburgh, and to the Pope style of poetic diction, may have had their finer sense of song dulled, the springs of it were still running clear in country places, south and north, remote from such contagions. In the very time that Ramsay's "Miscellany" was in its first access of popularity, the north country gave birth, among other songs that might be named, to that well-known and most sweet melody, both air and words, "O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie, the Laird." It was composed about 1736,

by George Halkett, the schoolmaster, of Ratten, in Aberdeenshire, known in his day for a most devoted Jacobite, who let loose many a strain and squib in favor of the exiled family to float about, to the delight of the country people and the danger of his own head. There is another as genuine strain, born a little later, in the north country, too, "My daddie is a caukert earle." Its author, James Carnegie, was laird of Balnamoon on the slopes of the Grampians, to the north-west of Brechin, and was remembered long after as "a curious body." He, too, was a stanch Jacobite, was out in the forty-five, and, after Culloden, had to live for some time under hiding, as a shepherd to one of his own hill farmers. As Carnegie's song is less known than "Logie o' Buchan," though of a not less genuine stamp, it may be well to give it here:—

Tune—"Low down i' the brume."

"My daddie is a caukert earle,
He'll no twine wi' his gear;
My Minnie, she's a scauldin' wife,
Hauds a' the house asteer.

"But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me,
For he's low down, he's in the brume,
That's waitin' on me:

"Waiting on me, my love,
He's waiting on me:
For, he's low down, he's in the brume,
That's waiting on me.

"My Auntie Kate sits at her wheel,
And sair she lightlies me;
But weel ken I it's a' anvy,
For ne'er a Joe has she.
But let them say, etc.

"My Cousin Kate was sair beguiled
Wi' Johnnie o' the glen;
And aye sinsyne she cries, Beware
O' fause deluding men.
But let them say, etc.

"Gleed Sandy he cam' wast yestreen,
And spiered when I saw Pate;
And aye sinsyne the neebors round,
They jeer me air and late.
But let them say," etc.

Let this show how the north country could still sing through its Jacobite laird, while the ingenious young gentlemen of Edinburgh were coquetting with their Chlorises and their Chloes. But the south, if any thing, outdid the north in the exquisiteness of the songs it gave birth to during the same age.

How could it but sing—that delightful Border land, with its hundred dales, not a stream of which but has lent its name to some immemorial ballad or familiar melody—with, midmost of all, Yarrow—the very sanctuary of song—lying there like a pensive, feeling heart, and sending through all the land its own pathetic undertone, to mellow whatever in our songs and character might else have been too robustly shrewd or too broadly humorous. In the early years of the last century, that Border land gave birth to three ladies, of three of its oldest families, whose names came down to us, each linked to and immortalized by a single song. These sweet singers were Lady Grizzel Baillie, Miss Jane Elliot of Minto, and Miss Rutherford, of Fairnielee, afterwards Mrs. Cockburn.

These were hearts in which nature was too strong to be chilled by the fashion of the hour. The old peel-houses in which they were born looked out on the Border hills, and they themselves spent their youth in closest and kindest intimacy with the dwellers of the scattered hamlets and "farm-towns" among them. For this is one of the facts these songs bear witness to—the close interchange of feeling between the laird's family and that of the humblest cottar round about, long after feudalism had ceased. But for this, these ladies of gentle blood never had sung those strains that ever since have lived in all Scottish hearts, "gentle and simple" alike. It was the "ower-word," or refrain, of an old lament for the foresters that fell at Flodden that Miss Elliot caught up and wove into the oldest of the two sets of The Flowers of the Forest which we now have—a song so beautifully pathetic as almost to make up for the original dirge, hopelessly lost in our day, perhaps lost even in hers. Only a little less good, if indeed they be less, are Miss Rutherford's later words to the same air. They sang themselves through her heart, doubtless, while she lived at, or when in after life she recalled, the old enlarged peel of Fairnielee, the home so blithe and beautiful, in which she was born and passed her childhood; from which she must so often have gazed over the Tweed and the woods of Yair up into the bosom of the Forest Hills. That now forsaken mansion, not yet roofless, but soon to be so, standing on the braeside

among disappearing terraces, holly hedges run to waste, trees few and forlorn with decay, hearing now no music but the Tweed far below, or the owl's cry, or the wind soughing through its cobwebbed rooms, what an affecting commentary on the song first sung there!

"I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favors and found its decay."

The other lady singer I have mentioned was of an earlier day than these two, and her youth was cast on stormier times, which put her heart to proof, and showed it heroic. Grizzel Hume was daughter of Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, a stanch Presbyterian, when it cost something to be one, and, notwithstanding Lord Macaulay's unfavorable estimate, seemingly a true patriot and friend of freedom. In the Scottish Parliament, all through Charles the Second's reign, he withstood that king's despotisms, and for his free speech more than once suffered imprisonment. He was one of a small band of Scotchmen who entered into negotiations with the English Whigs to prevent a popish succession—a cause for which, in England, Lord William Russell lost his life, and, in Scotland, Robert Baillie of Jerviswood. Baillie was an intimate friend of Hume, and when he was thrown into prison it was time for Sir Patrick to look to his own head. But before he could find his way beyond seas, his first place of hiding was the family burial vault underneath the parish kirk of Polwarth. In that ghastly concealment, where, even by day, no light could enter, he passed many weeks of the autumn of 1684, with no attendant but his daughter Grizzel, then only twelve years old, who each night, after dark, made her way all alone, from the family home to her father's retreat, bearing his food and what news she had been able to gather. It is said that, in order to avoid the suspicions, even of the household, she used to save off her own plate, at family meals, the food she bore him. During this time, her father wished to send a letter to his friend Baillie, in his cell, and to receive back some tidings from him. His daughter was the messenger. And it was during this visit to the Tolbooth that she is said to have met, for the first time, George Baillie, the son, who afterwards became her husband. As much for the character of the authoress

as for its own worth, her single song is here given:—

"There was anes a may, and she loo'd na men;
They biggit her a bouir down i' yon glen;
But now she cries Dule, and well-a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here
away.

But now she cries, etc.

"When bonnie young Jamie cam' ower the sea,
He said he saw naething so lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and monie braw
things,
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
He hecht me, etc.

"He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Because I was twice as bonnie as she;
She raised such a pother 'twixt him and his
mother,
That were na my heart licht I wad dee.
She raised, etc.

"The day it was set and the bridal to be;
The wife took a dwam and lay down to dee;
She mained and she graned, out o' dolor and
pain,
Till he vowed he never wad see me again.
She mained, etc.

"They said I had neither cow nor caff,
Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,
Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-ee;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
Nor pickles, etc.

"His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spied me as I cam' ower the lea;
And then she ran in and made a loud din,
'Believe your ain cenn an' ye trow na me.'
And then she ran, etc.

"His bonnet stood aye fou round on his brow,
His auld ane looked aye as weel as some's
new;
But now he lets 't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.
But now he, etc.

"Were I young for thee as I hae been,
We should hae been gallopin' down on yon
green,
And linkin it on yon lillie-white lea;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
And linkin it," etc.

The last two stanzas were once on the lips of Burns on an occasion first recorded by Lockhart, and since repeated by Carlyle. Late in his life, when, owing to suspected Republicanism and other things, the respectables had begun to turn their backs on Burns, one fine summer evening, a friend of his, riding into Dumfries to attend a county ball, was surprised to see him walking alone on the shady side of the street, while the oppo-

site side was thronged by gentlemen and ladies, drawn together by the ball, none of whom seemed willing to recognize the poet. The horseman dismounted, joined Burns, and proposed to him to cross the street with him. He replied, "Na, na, my young friend, that's all over now," and then, after a pause, quoted the two stanzas above mentioned. But "it was little in Burns' character," adds Lockhart, "to let his feelings on certain subjects escape in this fashion. He immediately, after reciting these verses, assumed the sprightliness of his most pleasing manner; and, taking his young friend home with him, entertained him very agreeably till the hour of the ball arrived." This incident, which gives an extrinsic interest to the song, was first recorded by Lockhart, and drew forth from Carlyle a characteristic comment.

During Ramsay's time, then, it would seem that our sweetest singers—those who kept truest to the pure Scottish vein of song, when the men with a smattering of literature were doing their best to debase it—were ladies who lived among the country people, and were one in feeling with them. And that line of songstresses which began at the dawn of last century with Lady Wardlaw, author of the battle of "Hardyknute," and Lady Grizzel, if it did begin with them, has never since been interrupted. It was carried on through the middle of last century by Miss Elliot and Miss Rutherford, taken up by Lady Anne Lindsay, authoress of "Auld Robin Gray," and, to pass over others, was brought down to our own day by Lady Nairne, the greatest of them all. Indeed, if asked to name the singer of the half-dozen best Scottish songs after Burns, I know not to whom I should turn before this last-named lady. Lord Cockburn has portrayed a generation of vigorous, strong-featured Scottish dames, such as has made our more proper fair ones stand aghast. Those I have named, who belonged some to the same, others to an earlier age, would prove, if it had needed proof, that there were other things in our grandmothers' and great-grandmothers' hearts besides masculine vigor and trenchant humor—other tones on their tongues than the unseemly words which his lordship has recorded. The fact is, these old dames were brimful of character, which swelled over in some into strong-mindedness,

or humor, or sarcasm, in others into tender-hearted and deep pathos, as in those songs they have left behind.

Enough has now, I hope, been said to prove that Burns was not, as some think, the creator of Scottish song; that it was in vigorous existence, and that many a lovely strain had been sung up and down Scotland, long ere he was born; that he had a great background of song to draw upon, that he was born into an age and country with "an atmosphere of legendary melody" floating all about, and that his great merit was to have drunk it into his heart of hearts, and re-uttered it in deeper, clearer, more varied compass than it had ever before attained. And—a thing that should never be forgotten—he purified it. It could hardly be that the popular heart of any country could pour itself so freely forth in all its moods without uttering some things base. And the earlier collections—Herd's for instance—contain evidence enough that, when unrestrained,—

"Auld Scotland has a raucous tongue."

And though among Burns' own songs there are some which we could wish he had not written, yet we, who have inherited his labors, can hardly know how much he did to purify and elevate their prevailing tone; how many songs he purged of their baser leaven; how many tunes which he found attached to most unworthy words he married to healthy and beautiful words of his own.

This naturally suggests one thought which must not be passed by. I said, at the outset, that there is no mood of soul unexpressed in these songs. To this, however, I must make one marked exception. Considering what the Scottish people have been,—a devout people they have been, notwithstanding all that modern statistics urge against them,—and considering how they loved their songs, it is strange how seldom these contain any direct expression of Christian feeling or aspiration. From this we might be apt to infer that song belonged to one class of men, religion to another. But any one who has known our older Scottish peasantry, knows that this is untrue, that the devoutness and the songs did not dwell in separate, but in the same hearts, so that the modern line is hardly an exaggeration which speaks of them as a people—

"Who sang by turns,
The psalms of David and the songs of Burns."

To give one instance. Margaret Laidlaw, mother of the Ettrick Shepherd, was known for her remarkable piety all over the Ettrick Forest—a piety which had come down to her from ancestors who, at the beginning of the last century, had been intimate with the good Thomas Boston, minister of Ettrick. Yet her mind was a very storehouse of legendary lore and popular melody, from which two poets gathered materials for their early inspiration. Scott, when traversing the Border hills on his ballad-raids, took down many of the finest in his “Border Minstrelsy” from old Margaret’s lips. From her, too, her son imbibed that rich wealth of legend, and that deep feeling of the old superstitions, which he employed his manhood in setting to prose and rhyme, and from which he has woven that delicate fairy poetry which has borne its consummate flower in “The Bonny Kilmeny.”

How, then, are we to account for this marked absence of religious feeling from the songs, if it existed in the hearts of the people? Partly from the undoubted fact, that, two hundred years ago and less, many of the popular songs were so coarse as to justify the ministers in setting their faces against them. Partly also from another and more permanent cause—the divorce that Scottish religion has too much made between things secular and things profane. Song and all things pertaining to it were, it is to be feared, branded as unchristian by the religious teachers. Yet the love of it was too strong to be thus put down. It lived on in men’s minds a separate life, railed off by a partition-wall from their conscious religion. And yet there is no warrant in the nature of things for such a divorce. Even if there were no other such song, Lady Nairne’s

“Land o’ the Leal” alone would forever remove the barrier, and prove how easily Scottish melody can rise into the purest air of religion.

These songs naturally divide themselves into three eras;—Songs before Burns; songs of Burns and his few song-making contemporaries; songs since Burns. Some authors belonging to the third era were among us, as but yesterday. Many still in middle-life remember Hogg, and it is but a few years since Lady Nairne passed away. And now the question rises somewhat sadly, Is the roll of Scottish song-makers forever closed? Can the old inspiration live and breathe new melodies in so changed a world? Have not high farming, with its bothy-system in the east, coal mines and manufactories in the west, money-getting everywhere, put out the old life of which song was the effluence? Is not the shriek of the railway whistle scaring it from all our hills, or is it tough enough to over-live steam, and normal schools, and mechanics’ institutes, and all that they imply? A question I do not care to enter on. Only that beautiful saying of Allan Cunningham comes painfully to mind, “The fire, that burns up the whins on the braeside to make way for the plough-share, destroys also the nests of a thousand song-birds.” It may be so. For artificial cultivation of minds, as of fields, we must pay many penalties, and the loss of the power of song may be of them. And yet, not without a sigh can we let it go, if go it must. General information may be good, popular science good; and yet to me the heart that can carol forth one lilt, with the true old melody in it, is more precious than tons of useful information, and whole libraries of popular science.

CHEMISTRY.—*The Times* (perhaps under some fear of “Chemos, th’ obscene dread of Moab’s sons”) uniformly writes, not only in its own articles, but in all the advertisements and communications which it prints, *chemistry* and *chemist*, and utterly ignores old *Chemos*. There is in the Brit. Museum (I cannot refer to the catalogue, but think it is in an early volume of

Add. MSS.) a dissertation on this word; and the result there concluded is, that it ought to be spelt *chemist* and *chemistry*. I observe that the best medical writers adopt this latter form, in honor of old *Chemos*, as I suppose; and medical men, upon the *ne sutor* principle, should have credit for spelling words in their own faculty with correctness.

From The Examiner.

Correspondence of King James VI. of Scotland with Sir Robert Cecil and others in England during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth; with an Appendix containing Papers Illustrative of Transactions between King James and Robert Earl of Essex. Principally published for the first time from Manuscripts of the Most Hon. the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., preserved at Hatfield. Edited by John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A. Printed for the Camden Society.

A NOTABLE interest attaches to the papers published in this volume by the Camden Society. They throw fresh light upon the last two years of Elizabeth's reign, and upon what was then the state of English politics; they give us very clear indication of the mind of James the Sixth of Scotland while he was waiting to be James the First of England; and they help us to understand the last tragical chapter in the life of Robert Earl of Essex, "great England's glory and the world's high wonder," as Spenser had called him. For each reason the book is valuable to all students of that memorable time.

The 18th of February, 1601, is the date of the earliest document here printed. Elizabeth was then in her sixty-eighth year, and for three and forty years she had been queen. To every one save herself it was apparent that soon the crown must be transferred to another and a younger head. When she opened Parliament in this year, 1601, the mere weight of her queenly robe was too much for her. As she stepped she tottered, and would have fallen at the foot of her own throne had she not been supported by some who were nearest. Nearly every day there was some fresh warning given. The one question asked most anxiously, though only in whispers, all over England was, Who should be the new sovereign?

There was pretty general agreement throughout the better part of the nation that James was the true heir. Yet there were many real and supposed difficulties in the way. James, it was urged, though his father was the eldest grandson of Henry the Seventh, was not at all an Englishman. By law he had no right to inherit a single cottage or an acre of land; how then could he be heir to the crown? Surely, no foreigner ought to be king; but if one must be it would

be "foul scorn" to the people of England for a despicable Scotsman to govern them. It would be better, some said, to crown James' cousin, Arabella, who by birth and residence was properly English. But against her there was sufficient argument in her creed. Not professedly a Romanist, yet sufficiently Catholic to excite the fears of true Protestants, she found only a few zealous supporters in either party. Then if these candidates were set aside, there were nearly a dozen other competitors for the splendid prize. Each grade of Protestants and Papists had its own favorite, and the most ardent of the latter sect even managed to construct a title for the Infanta Isabella, daughter of Philip the Second of Spain. The claim was preposterous, but Spanish prowess made it formidable.

In this way the popular mind was vexed without much cause. Had the matter been openly discussed, James, notwithstanding the drawbacks, would have at once outvoted all his opponents put together. But Elizabeth's temper was such that it could not be mentioned aloud; least of all could it be made the topic of a controversy. Hence arose all "the pamphlets and projects of priests and fugitives, who are always laboring to set up one golden calf or other as their fortune or fancy leadeth them."

James himself was full of anxiety. He coveted the English crown too much to bear with patience any possibility of losing it. "Saint George surely rides upon a towardly riding-horse," he said in one of the letters now edited by Mr. Bruce, "where I am daily bursting in daunting a wild, unruly colt." As early as 1599 he had caused his chief nobles to form a league for the safety of his person and the preservation of his right to the sovereignty of England. He procured from his Parliament a large grant of money on the plea that he knew not how soon he should have to use arms, but that whenever it should be, he knew his right, and would venture his crown for it. This was in 1600, and just then he was plotting deeply with the Earl of Essex.

Concerning this nobleman's character we cannot think that Mr. Bruce's verdict is altogether supported by the evidence which he here adduces. It must be remembered that Essex was what Elizabeth had made him. In his youth he had shown a mind

fit for great things. There was a certain likeness between him and Sir Philip Sidney, whose widow he married. But whereas Sidney preferred to go into disgrace rather than become an abject flatterer of their own mistress, Essex was induced to give up all his sturdiness of principle, and, bit, by bit, to adapt himself to all her foibles and idle humors. She made a plaything of his haughty temper, and it was not strange that at last he should show it against herself. The first public instance of this was in 1598, when that queen having boxed his ears and bidden him go and be hanged, he half drew his sword and declared that that was an indignity not to be taken even from a monarch. After a time there was show of reconciliation, and he was sent to Ireland as Lord Deputy. But when there he was thwarted, and he came back to be degraded. Then he began to entertain treasonable thoughts, and he found an easy sympathizer in King James. The letters which they wrote to one another are lost, but it appears from other sources that a proposal was made to the king that he should lead an army into the borders, and there demand a public acknowledgment of his right of succession, while Essex and his friend Montjoy each collected as many troops as they could in furtherance of the scheme. To this James is said to have answered, that "he liked the course well and would prepare himself for it."

But the king's preparations designedly occupied longer time than the earl's. Montjoy also,—being in Ireland, and removed from the influence of Essex and Essex's sister, Lady Rich, the famous Stella of Sir Philip Sidney,—thought better of the project. Only Essex remained firm in his purpose, and time but quickened his zeal. There can be no question that joint ambition and chagrin were his real motives, but professedly he worked from a patriotic love of Protestantism. He thought, or pretended to think, that Sir Robert Cecil and the other officers of state favored the infanta's title. Therefore some popular sympathy, besides all that his wit and grace had already earned, went with him. But his scheme, growing out of the former one, for taking possession of the metropolis and of the reigns of government, and then calling a Parliament which should punish the wicked ministers, and make sure the succession of James, was

manifestly absurd. Its sequel is well known. Before he could do any thing beyond giving proof of his treasonable purposes, he was apprehended, and within seventeen days, on the twenty-fifth of February, 1601, after a prompt trial, he was executed.

James did not send an army to meet that of Essex; but he sent ambassadors to be present—if they had not travelled too slowly—at the earl's death. They were directed to assure Queen Elizabeth of their master's surpassing love for her, to disclaim all connection with any practice ever intended against her majesty, especially with that of the Earl of Essex, and to ask that she would do nothing in prejudice of his future right. They were also to wait upon Sir Robert Cecil, whom James believed to be a supporter of the Spanish claimant; "and ye shall plainly declare to Mr. Secretary and his followers that since now, when they are in their kingdom, they will thus misknow me, when the chance shall turn I shall turn a deaf ear to their requests." But the ambassadors did not fully obey their orders. They found that James had been greatly mistaken, and that Cecil was really his best friend. Their report caused a complete change in the royal tactics, and gave rise to the correspondence which occupies the bulk of the volumes in our hands.

Cecil was wary and somewhat worldly wise, as Lord Burleigh's son could hardly fail to be. In his communications with James there was an amount of deception which perhaps had the plea of necessity, as well as so much adulation as fitted with the habit of the day. But on the whole, the secretary acted with admirable wisdom and propriety. It was a very delicate and perilous position which, for the sake alike of his own interests and of his country's welfare, he had to hold. He really loved the sovereign to whom he owed so much, and he had now to gloss over and correct her infirmities, and humor many of her foibles. It was as much as his own office or as James' prospects were worth to let her know that he was paving the way for her successor. Yet it was quite needful that preparations should be made, if James was to be king, and in James' peaceful election he saw the only safeguard against both civil war and foreign invasion. At every turn he ran the risk of offending either the queen,

or the king, or both; and it was no small credit to him that, to use his own metaphor, he safely steered King James' ship into the right harbor, without cross of wave or tide that could have overturned a cock-boat.

His good statesmanship is fairly illustrated in the first letter which he wrote to the king. He said plainly that Elizabeth had the chief claim upon him: "If I could accuse myself to have once imagined a thought which could amount to a grain of error towards my dear and precious sovereign, or could have discovered that you had entertained an opinion or desire to draw me one point from my individual centre, I should wish with all my heart that all I have done, or shall do, might be converted to my own perdition." He could only help the king so long as he followed a wise and proper course, and did not plunge himself into action which would oblige all honest men, out of present duty, to oppose themselves to him. "Your best approach towards your greatest end is, by your majesty's clear and temperate courses, to secure the heart of the highest [i.e., of Elizabeth], to whose sex and quality nothing is so improper as either needless expostulations, or overmuch curiosity in her own actions;" but, "far be it from me, if there shall be cause, to persuade you to receive wrong and be silent." But the great thing was for King James to be quiet and patient, to be in readiness for the change which must happen at some time, and to risk nothing.

James did his best to accept this advice, or at any rate, to seem to follow it. It was not in his nature to avoid scheming, but now he saw it expedient to scheme in another way. Conveniently forgetful of the plots by which he had helped Essex to his downfall, he became meek and innocent as a lamb, and full of most saintly notions as to what was religious, wise, and honest. How could he expect Heaven's mercy, he piously exclaimed, if he did any wrong to his neighbor, the like whereof he would be loth to suffer in his own honor? "It were very small wisdom to climb over ditches and hedges and hazard the breaking of his neck for the sake of unripe fruit, when by a little patience he might so easily secure the garden key, and then enjoy the ripe fruits at his pleasure. How could he think of hazarding his honor, state, and person, in

entering 'by violence,' as an usurper, the kingdom to which he was lawful heir?"

James could moralize in this way to any extent; but he could not keep proper silence. It was quite necessary that this correspondence should be kept secret between himself and Cecil, and the few others who engaged in it. If it came to the queen's knowledge, ruin to everybody concerned in it would ensue. The king's stake was by far the largest, yet it was impossible for him to keep his tongue quite free from unwise gossip. Once he let drop some words which were caught up and communicated to Cecil. Cecil had promptly to write back a strong denial of the king's word, in order that the question might be dropped.

Cecil himself was very cautious. Sir Henry Wotton has recorded a characteristic anecdote. On one occasion, as it seems, the queen had gone out of her palace at Greenwich, to take an airing, on Blackheath when the post came by. She asked whence the despatch came, and, being answered "From Scotland" ordered that the packet might be brought to her. Cecil knew that it contained some letters which, if discovered, would be like so many serpents; but he made great show of diligence, ran himself to take hold of the packet, and sent some one quickly to fetch a knife wherewith to cut it open. However, before the knife came, he began to sniff, and presently putting the packet to his nose, he drew it back again, telling her majesty that it smelt very ill-favoredly, and must first be opened and aired. So being sent home with it, he managed to take out the papers which he did not wish the queen to see.

It was a curious condition of affairs, when the whole welfare of the nation had to be cared for by such paltry deception. But the secret was not to be preserved very much longer. Early in March, 1603, the queen began to complain: "I am not sick, I feel no pain," she said, "and yet I pine away." For twenty days she kept her bed, eating very little, and hardly sleeping at all. Outside her bedroom there was great commotion. Only Sir Robert Cecil was at ease; and to all officious talk offered to him he avoided giving any answer. At last at midnight, on the twenty-third of March, Elizabeth fell into the long-coveted slumber. After two hours she woke again, and

by three o'clock she was dead. At six o'clock next morning there was a meeting of the Council, and Cecil read the draft of a proclamation which he had already submitted to James. In four hours more it was read publicly at Whitehall, and everywhere men began to shout, what had not been shouted for nearly fifty years before, "God save the King."

The temper in which King James ruled England is fairly indicated in the letters which he wrote during the two years previous to his accession. Indeed, as Mr. Bruce truly says, "there was something in the mystery of the correspondence and the little plots, and concealments, and evasions, and denials to which both parties had recourse in order to secure their secret," which was "pretty nearly King James' idea of the perfection of wisdom." There is the

same pompous littleness that we see in all his public writings and doings. Next to his coveting of the English crown, these letters abound most in tokens of his hatred of Papists and Puritans, whom he earnestly besought Cecil to drive out of the land. He would not have Romanists persecuted. "No!" he wrote in one letter, "I am so far from any intention of persecution, as I protest to God I reverence their church as our mother church; besides that, I did ever hold persecution as one of the infallible notes of a false church. I only wish that such order might be taken as the land might be purged of such great flocks of them that daily diverts the souls of many from the sincerity of the gospel, and withal that some means might be found for debarring their entry again." The royal definition of what is not persecution is a charming touch of character.

POLITICAL AUDACITY.—There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise; and therefore those faculties, by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken, are most potent. Wonderful like is the case of boldness in civil business; what first? boldness: what second and third? boldness. And yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts. But nevertheless, it doth fascinate, and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part: yea, and prevaileth with wise men at weak times; therefore we see it hath done wonders in popular states, but with senates and princes less; and more, ever upon the first entrance of bold persons into action, than soon after; for boldness is an ill keeper of promise. Surely, as there are mountebanks for the natural body, so are there mountebanks for the politick body: men that undertake great cures, and perhaps have been lucky in two or three experiments, but want the grounds of science, and therefore cannot hold out: nay, you shall see a bold fellow many times do Mahomet's miracle. Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled; Mahomet called the hill to come to him again and again: and when the hill stood still, he was never a whit abashed, but said, If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill. So these men, when they have

promised great matters and failed most shamefully, yet (if they have the perfection of boldness) they will but slight it over, and make a turn, and no more ado. Certainly, to men of great judgment, bold persons are a sport to behold; nay, and to the vulgar also, boldness hath somewhat of the ridiculous: for if absurdity be the subject of laughter, doubt you not but great boldness is seldom without some absurdity. Especially it is a sport to see, when a bold fellow is out of countenance; for that puts his face into a most shrunken and wooden posture, as needs it must; for in bashfulness the spirits do a little go and come; but with bold men upon like occasion, they stand at a stay, like a stale at chess, where it is no mate, but yet the game cannot stir: but this last were fitter for a satire than for a serious observation. This is well to be weighed, that boldness is ever blind; for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences: therefore it is ill in counsel, good in execution: so that the right use of bold persons, is, that they never command in chief, but be seconds, and under the direction of others. For in counsel it is good to see dangers; and in execution not to see them, except they be very great.—*Bacon's Essays.*

THE REV. G. G. PERRY'S "History of the Church of England," from the death of Elizabeth to the present time, will be published in a few days by Messrs. Saunders & Otley.

From Once a Week.

THE JEWEL-CASE.

ON a bright December morning, long ago, —never mind how, never mind where, and never mind when,—I felt that I was really too busy to do aught but please myself; a gratifying sensation seasoned with a spice of conscience, for had I not performed sundry and manifold household duties? Had I not made the breakfast, and eaten my own good share of it? Had I not done all, and said all, that was necessary, even to informing my old nurse, houskeeper, lady's-maid, confidante, and tyrant, Mary Bennet, that my long-raved-of and beautiful friend, Lora Gardiner, was coming that very day to commence, organize, and grace a whole series of Christmas festivities? Had she not, as was her wont when any far-famed star was mentioned, said: "Nae doubt, nae doubt; but I'm thinking she'll nae be like the Lady Janet Johnstoun o' Johnstoun Ha'!" and had I not mentally ejaculated, "Bother her!" but to the old woman, "You'll see; she's prettier, Mary, far, and I know you'll say so?" Whereupon, of course, she had said: "Nae, nae, there wer but ae Lady Janet in a' the world, and she's gane," and wiped her eyes; so then I knew the curtain had fallen on that act of the drama, and went on my way.

I suppose every one, at some period or other of their lives, has known what it was to feel the heart lightened, step quickened, and cheek flushed, with nothing more or less exciting than a fine frosty morning! Such was my own case; and after my little confab with Mary,—or Mrs. Bennet, as she was usually termed,—I hastened to put on a jaunty hat, warm coat, gloves, etc., and sally forth rejoicing; but while my kirtle was undergoing the process of "kiltling a little above the knee," I could not resist again asking Mary, "Was Lady Janet really so *very* beautiful?"

The old woman gave a deep sigh; and then, apparently searching for some one string which had deserted its post, catching it, losing it again, and again reclaiming the wanderer, which she tied with a jerk, continued,—

"Ay, she wer mair beautiful than ony I'se e'er seen; she wer winsome, and blithesome, and bonnie, wi' the eye o' an eagle, and the heart o' the dove, but" (and here her voice sank to a tone which made me

creep all over), "they do say, up in my ain countree, that though the Lady Janet Johnstoun is aye dead and gone, she nae sleeps!" After this last remark, she observed, taking a bird's-eye view of me from a far corner of the room, "I'm thinking yer a' richt noo."

All right!—what a mockery! All right! When I felt that the only safe mode of transit from one room to another was by planting "my back agin the wa'," like Lewie Gordon, and progressing by a crablike movement, thus having the comforting assurance that there was nothing more or worse than bricks and mortar behind me.

'Twas useless to indulge (what an indulgence!) in such superstitious fancies. I had a walk to take, and "things" to do; so off I set, with a brave look, a craven heart, and a somewhat flitting color. The crisp road under foot, and the bright light of God's mercy overhead, tended somewhat to reassure me, though I could not refrain once or twice from feeling that I wished Mrs. Bennet had been less communicative respecting that bright, particular star of hers, the Lady Janet Johnstoun; and making up my mind that I would know the whole history before I was many days older, went on, and on, and on, like the old woman in the story-book, until I came to our town—a straggling, ill-built place, with more children than mothers to look after them, more dogs than owners, and more dirt than drains; but yet it boasted one or two good shops, with civil tradespeople, who informed you, with the blandest of smiles, that they had not got whatever you might happen to want, but would get it "with pleasure" a fortnight later than the day on which you required it; and in addition to these well-to-do emporiums was one wretched little jeweller's or pawnbroker's shop, kept by the most miserable, thievish-looking Israelite that ever disgraced a Christian country. Now this shop I somewhat affected; for, softly be it spoken, I have a weakness for old china! and Benjamin frequently meets with rare specimens at a far more moderate price than I should have to pay for the same in London; therefore I confess to hanging about that dirty old shop. I confess to poking my nose into that offensive little hole. I confess to holding long conferences with that dingy old dealer, Benjamin Lye! And on this particular occasion I went a quarter of a mile out of the direct

road to have a gaze through his foggy window, where my attention was immediately riveted by the unusual sight of a queer-shaped morocco jewel-case. I at once stepped in, requesting Benjamin to gratify my womanly curiosity by opening the closed lid;—for, if there is one thing which teases me more than another, it is a mystery. I always consider a closed box, when you do not know what is in it, a decided mystery. If other people had had the same feelings as myself, we should never have had that catastrophe of the Mistletoe Bough. But in the mean time the obsequious Benjamin was doing his best to make me happy, by a sight of the contents of the faded case; but no, it resisted all his efforts, until he had recourse to a knife, which seemed of but little more avail, for so fast as he moved it from one side to the other, so quickly did that obstinate box close after it; and Benjamin grew redder and redder in the face, until crimson began to shine below the dirt, as between each attempt he gaspingly gave me the information that “been in ish possession a vary long time—brought by a lady—vary larsh shum—quite forget it—beautiful goodsh”—when snap went the knife, open flew the lid, disclosing a set of lovely antique ornaments, of enamel, gold, and rubies; the set consisting of ear-rings and four clasps, varying in size from a five-shilling piece to a sixpence, evidently for the front of a lady’s robe. I was charmed with them: the case was old, worn, and faded, but the jewels were clear, bright, and beautiful, sparkling in a way that only finest rubies can do. Then, where did these antique Austrian (which I at once knew they were) ornaments come from? Benjamin, of course, was in a state of benighted ignorance on this point; but, noting my flushed cheek and greedy eyes, did not omit to ask a very fair sum, but still so little in comparison with their real value, that I saw he did not appreciate them; and after a very short parley with that individual, I walked off, with the little queer-shaped, faded case in my muff, elated and happy as a child with her first doll.

How often so small an incident as the foregoing may render us sad or gay; however charmed I might be with my new possession, a weight lay on my heart when I recollected that the only person to whom I

could show it, or that would be pleased with my pleasure, was faithful Mary Bennet.

On that excellent lady’s inspection I was more than usually gratified, for the good dame’s cheek varied from the yellow-tinted codling to the rosy ribston pippin, and back again to the russet, as she pronounced the highest encomium her lips were capable of. “They minded her strangelie of a set the vary same, worn by the Lady Janet Johnstoun o’ Johnstoun Ha’.”

The afternoon was fading from the jovial crispness of a frosty day into the chill air and clinging damp of a steady thaw, when I set myself about expecting Lora Gardiner, with the sort of restless preparation one is instinctively guilty of when it is for some loved one. Four o’clock! the day is closed, and night—or rather darkness—coming on. Tea things are on the Sutherland table by the library hearth: the room is long, and, I think, somewhat dark; the two fireplaces, though logs are bright and blazing on each, seem as though one was for visible, the other for invisible, folk. I don’t like to think of the latter, and have just placed the teapot inside the visible mortal’s fender, when I hear quick, cheerful carriage wheels grating on the drive. I burn both face and fingers in an attempt to replace that Madame Follet of domestic life, the teapot, on her tray, and spring forward, so heartily glad to greet my beauty—dear, dear Lora Gardiner!—with her fair face and serious eyes, her winning smile and atmosphere of sunshine. Yes, though since we parted, Lora, your life has been past and done, and though your young blood has done its part to lave the walls of Lucknow, in many a noble hall, in many a lowly home, your name is breathed with blessings, and your memory hallowed with a tear. Whenever I think of Lora, the familiar epitaph in a country churchyard at home comes to my recollection:—

“Fear no more the summer’s sun,
Or the stormy winter rages,
Thou thine earthly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta’en thy wages.”

To say that Mrs. Bennet’s heart was won by Lora does not express it—she was her slave! and I almost felt jealous to see how quickly the stranger had wound herself as much into Mary’s good graces as myself,

her nursing; but then Lora crept swiftly into every heart, while I—but I am but myself too apt to forget the old adage, “Love gets love.”

In the mean time, I was revolving a scheme for persuading Mrs. Bennet to unravel the history—the bare hint of which always so much unsettled me—respecting the family in which, or rather among whose descendants, she had been brought up, but of whose deeds of daring she was generally, with characteristic caution, somewhat shy; and I thought to myself, would a new ribbon—bright red—open her heart and subsequently her lips?—would a *douceur* of greater magnitude be necessary?—under what cloak could the coaxing, wheedling measure be best disguised? When, judge of my surprise, on going into Lora’s room on the morning after her arrival, to hear,—but it was not this which startled me,—“for a’ the world just like ane Lady Janet Johnstoun o’ the Johnstoun Ha’.” Lora’s sweet voice replied gently, “Was Lady Janet very fond of you, Mrs. Bennet?”

“Nae, nae, my dear,” expostulated Mrs. Bennet, somewhat taken aback at this interpretation of her words, “I ne’er had glint o’ her bonnie face, but she wer cradled at the same time wi’ my ain gude mither, as wad gladlie ha’ died for her, and her name’s been the same to me as I’ve heard say the Vargin Mary’s is to some o’ them papishers ower the water.”

Lora smiled at the old woman’s words; but my entrance interrupted their flow, and it was not until Lora and I were leaving the room together that my astonishment reached its climax.

“Then you wont forget your promise, Mrs. Bennet, and tell us the Johnstoun history, to-night?” said Lora.

“Weel, weel, my dear,” was the reply; “it’s ower hard to deny ye ony thing, I’m thinking, and ye’ll get yer ain way wi’ me fast enuech.”

I could hardly restrain my curiosity until we were out of hearing.

“My dear Lora,” I then exclaimed, “how on earth did you do it?”

“Do what?” she said, looking surprised in her turn.

“Do?” I reiterated. “Get Mary to promise the Johnstoun history? She is al-

ways so shy of mentioning more than their mighty names.”

“Well, I suppose,” replied Lora, “that it was a verification of the old proverb, ‘Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.’ I had not the least idea of any difficulty, therefore, when she spoke so frequently of the Lady Janet Johnstoun, I simply asked her to tell us the tale to-night, when I hope the rendezvous will be your boudoir as usual. But do you think,” said Lora, becoming anxious, “that it will pain the old woman to rake up the memory of bygone days, because, if you do, I’ll run back and put a stop to it at once; there is no use in letting the poor thing brood over the thought for the whole day.”

I answered somewhat pettishly,—

“Nonsense, Lora, come along; if she doesn’t like it, I’m sure she wont do it. I don’t believe she has any objection, only she likes to be coaxed into doing a thing, and I never could learn how to do that.”

But as I gazed on my companion’s transparent face, and noted the unselfish purity which shone through, I recognized for a moment what it was which made her irresistible to most people, although she herself was so unconscious of the attraction; and a pang shot through my heart as I felt how much more lovable she was than my selfish self, for this very incident had called my *amour propre* into play, and the thought never left me during the next twenty-four hours—“Mrs. Bennet promised at once for Lora, although I have never been able to get her to relate me the story,” and once or twice jealous tears welled up into my eyes.

Lora was so merry, and fresh, and amusing, that the hours flew past unheeded, as every one knows they do when a party of ladies get together. But when two girls meet, Time’s pinions must ache again with the rapidity of his flight.

Lora was so deeply interested in every thing—horses, dogs, books, ferns, flowers, music; she did every thing so well, and sang, at all hours, at any one’s request, any thing and every thing, so charmingly, and with so much enjoyment of the music herself, that I did not wonder at her being idolized, for the crowning point of her attractions has yet to be told—she could be as charmingly *quiet*. And let me give this hint to all whom it may concern: quietness, repose, or what our

neighbors term *retenu*, is the most difficult—nay, I had almost said impossible—attainment. There are some very young girls who, in the fresh buoyancy of youth, take hearts by storm—they are few, and their conquests doubtful; but a woman, be she young or old, who charms, simply and quietly, by saying and doing *nothing*, ought to be ticketed “dangerous.”

But once more let me take up the thread of my narrative. The day passed over so happily, that I had almost forgotten the Christmas-box which I—poor, lonely woman—had made myself a present of, namely, my antique ornaments, until the dressing-bell rang. Guests had arrived, to be welcomed and ushered to their respective chambers, where fires burned bright and cheery. And as I passed through the great hall on my way to my own side of the house, I saw the holly and mistletoe, with red and white berries reflecting each from their bright leaves the flashes of warmth wrung from their dismembered kindred on the hearth; and I wondered within myself if the dead logs were recognized by the fresh boughs, or exchanged a kindly greeting on this Christmas eve, before fading into dust and ashes. It may be so.

After travelling up the long staircase, I paused to recover breath by the side of the table in my room, on which still lay the faded case, and, taking it in my hand, once more tried to open the obstinate lock, which resisted my most strenuous efforts, until, becoming quite vexed, I sat down determined to conquer it, whether I was thereby rendered late for dinner or no. At some time or other the case had evidently been wet, consequently, the snap was somewhat rusty and out of order. After devoting more time to the indulgence of my irritated temper than I had to spare, I succeeded in forcing the lid open, and was again struck with the beauty of the workmanship and the brilliancy of the stones in the ornaments; the largest clasp was peculiar in form, and somewhat thickly made, and as I passed it meditatively between my thumb and finger, testing its actual depth, I wondered what other hands had done the same—who was the original possessor—was she young or old, or beautiful or ugly? The ornaments were peculiar in device; perhaps some rich old woman had designed and ordered them

for her own personal adornment, wearing them on her rich dress, where the jewels had flashed and sparkled with every rise and fall of her stout matronly bosom.

But this idea was unpleasing. I preferred to think them the property of some fair and gentle Austrian maid, who had—but, good gracious! here my surmises were interrupted by my thumb nail slipping into a chink hitherto indiscernible at the back of the large clasp, and prosecuting my discovery carefully, though with breathless interest, I removed a slide thin as a wafer, and there, in all its simple glory, lay a lock of golden hair, covering a miniature painting of a man's face. There was nothing to mark the character or station of the original, therefore I say “a man's face;” but if ever physiognomy showed the distinctive traces of nobility, this was a king's! And even in the bright warm atmosphere of my room, amid the noises of a house full of people, I quailed before the indomitable eyes and silent majesty of the picture.

The dinner bell pealed, but it was not its sound which made my hands tremble as, swiftly replacing the little slide, and ringing loudly for Mrs. Bennet, I commenced a far more hasty toilette than was my custom. Her exclamation on entering the room, “Ech, sirs! My puir bairn, but yer pale and wearie, I'll just ha' to trick ye up like a babie!” did not rouse me. I drank the sal-volatile administered by her, and ran down-stairs, long after the gong had growled its hospitable summons, feeling as if still in a dream—a dream of which the golden-haired chief, knight, or noble was the mysterious Alpha and Omega. The chatty Life Guardsman, who had the honor of handing me in to dinner, must have considered me a remarkably stupid person, as my interest in him was but to judge from his well-turned head whether the chief (so I will call him) of my Austrian jewels would have been worse looking with any covering on the throat, and I arrived at the conclusion that the portrait was so small that to have introduced drapery would have been impossible. Even the sight of Lora's radiant beauty, so prettily set off by white silk, looped up with the large red cactus flowers, failed to divert my mind from the kingly face and lock of yellow hair. And it was a relief when the last song had been sung, the last reel footed, the last good-

night uttered, even to that very last in the rooms of my guests where courtesy obliged me to see if they had every thing they needed; but the last came at last, and I flew to my chamber to prepare as quickly as possible for the history, which somehow appeared to have a greater interest for me than ever; staying a few moments, however, with secured door to contend with the obstinate clasp, and take another look at my treasure. With reverent hands I lifted the lock of silky hair and gazed on the steadfast brow, when it occurred to me to use a powerful magnifying glass which I had to see if I could discover any inscription or name; when, judge of my surprise, nay, almost terror, when I read in distinct little white letters these three words; "Archdale. Mon Cœur," written immediately beneath the face, where drapery would have commenced! The inexplicable feeling of sorrow which I had on deciphering these words almost drew tears from my eyes, and I replaced the lock of hair as gently and tenderly as though it had belonged to—well, *mon cœur*; and once more closing the obstinate case, which I had conceived a respect for, knowing what it so jealously guarded, I went into the adjoining room to await the entrance of Lora and Mrs. Bennet.

A strange feeling rendered me silent on the subject of my discovery, and my thoughts were far away during the earlier part of Mrs. Bennet's narrative, which, however soon attracted my wandering attention, the name of Lady Janet being in itself a talisman.

"Peace was an unco' strange word for a Christian countree," commenced Mrs. Bennet, "in the Lady Janet Johnstoun's day. Mony a braw lad, understanding not its meaning, wud fain be lying stark and cauld on the muir than be thocht a mon o' peace, believing it to be what we ca' coward! There was never but ane o' that likes in the Johnstouns, least o' a' amang the women, matron or maid; for if it was nae the ca' o' their time to strike the blow, there was ne'er an ane but could stan' like the rocks themselves to endure; and I'm thinking that wer the courage o' the martyrs! The Lady Janet Johnstoun's father wer a soldier and a saint if one e'er stepped this earth—what in my ain countree they aye ca' 'leal and loyal and trew'—and oh, Gude save us! if ever saint wer worshipped here, he wer, the brave, trew, old soldier, by his child the Lady Janet

Johnstoun. He had several brothers, but they a' died away wi'out leaving any survivors, except his youngest brother Kenneth, who lived to pruve his sel' ane o' the deil's handy tools, and wha liked his master. This one, Kenneth, had a son and a daughter, Joan; and the son's name wer Patrick. I mind me not distinctly o' a' the bye ways and sly ways by which Kenneth mair na' half ruined the Lady Janet's father; but I have heard my mither tell that if the Lady Janet could ha' gien her heart's bluid drop by drop for her father, 'twould ha' been dune, wi' thanks to Heaven for the privilege. And sae she did, puir thing! but nae in a way as she recognized. Sin' the time she wer cradled, there had been troth plighted 'twixt her and her cousin by her mother's side, the Lord Archdale of Evry, the ainlie son and chief o' a' that ilk—anane as wad ha' conferred honor to onnie throne he sat upon; and next to her father, the Lady Janet luv'd him, for he wer worthie of a' a woman's faith and love. When Kenneth and the deil together had rendered Lady Janet's father nigh upon a ruined man, wha suld come forwards then but the son Patrick, saying, 'Only be my wife, Lady Janet Johnstoun, and your father's a free mon again—free in his castle and in his ha'—free frae debt and all that he shrinks frae,' or words to that effect; for," continued Mrs. Bennet, humbly, "it's nae likely that my puir tongue can say the things as they would be said by the Lady Janet, and nobles, and yerls o' her kin. I ken but the facts, and maun be content to relate them as best I can, craving yer remembrance that they of whom I speak wad nae utter sounds like yer auld nurse, Mary Bennet."

We begged her to proceed in her tale, Lora leaning her chin on her hand listening with breathless attention.

"Weel a day," continued Mrs. Bennet, "her father wad nae ha' said a word to cross his darling's heart, but she *kenned* a', and that wer enough for the Lady Janet, and she spake up, honorable and bold, to Sir Patrick. Said she,—

"Ye ken, Sir Patrick, that I hae nae heart to give ye; sin' I was a wee babe, it has been in my Cousin Archdale's keeping; but, for my father's sake, gien ye will accept of sae puir a thing, sae loveless a gift, here is my hand, and I will be yer wife, faithful

and true, till death.' He took her at her word, and her father never kenned 'twas aught agin her inclination, for she'd never do a richt thing by halves: and but twice after that saw she ever her Cousin Archdale. The first time 'twas to bid him farewell. They met on the open muir, the sun shining bright abuve their heads, and my ain mither stood by her side, and grat, puir thing! as if 'twere her heart wer breaking!—grat sae, that she heard but little of a' they said. But for a' sae braw and lustie as Lord Archdale wer, when he cam to meet the Lady Janet, stanning before her wi' his bonnet in his hand, and the fresh breeze blowing his golden hair like a glory frae his brow; for a' sae brave a mon as he wer, when 'twas ere a foe or the oppressor of his clan as stood before him, he quailed and sank before the doom o' parting frae his true love, the Lady Janet Johnstoun. And my mither said that, with her ain characteristics, even in her sorrow, she thought but o' comfortin' him. At last the Lady Janet tuke his hand sae fondlie in baith o' hers, and said, 'Archie, *mon cœur*, God be with ye, and lighten every pang that I had hoped to share. Farewell! ye'll think nae mair o' me, Archie!' Lord Archdale loked in her face as tho' 'twere his last luke at aught below, and saying, 'Nae mair than Heaven, Janet,' turned awa' a tremblin' heartbroken mon. My mither led her hame. She never spoke a word, or seemed to *make* a sorrow o' the parting frae her cousin, but her bonnie face, where the red rose used to dwell, turned like marble, and no one ever saw a gleam o' color in her cheek again, save once, as ye will hear.

"Sir Patrick was very proud of her, and so far as it lay in his niggardly, ungenerous, coward's nature to be so, wer kind to her, and preparations for the wedding went on brawlie; kingsfolk cam speeding ower the hills, gentles o' a' high degree frae far and near; but the Lady Janet sat in her bower alone, and never seemed to care for aught but tending on her father. She who'd fly a hawk, or hunt a hound, or rein a horse better and braver than the best, had lost all heart for onnie, save her duty to him. 'Twas in the winter time, and each could blast seemed to shake the auld mon waur, and Sir Patrick hurried on preparations for his wedding, in such a fashion as mony deemed unseemly. The day cam at last, and the

Lady Janet, wi' her voice as firm as her heart wer could, said the words that gave herself away; but her eyes ne'er sought the bridegroom, dark and lustrous as they were; they ne'er turned on any but the auld mon by her side, her father.

"The blow cam at last," continued Mrs. Bennet, wiping her eyes, for during the latter part of her story they had frequently overflowed. "The Lady Janet's father wer found dead on the floor o' her chamber, when she had na' been a wedded wife a month. They feared to tell her the sad news; for them as kenned him best, said as how it wer the loss o' his child as killed him—the loss o' her who sold hersel' to save him! But when she heard it, she took it a' like a stane, and ne'er a muscle o' the white face moved; but when she saw my mither, she said—and I often mind me of her words—'A' the rivers rin into the sea, Mary, and are lost! All my trouble's lost in this, and I shall never feel again.' Puir thing, she wer mistaken! Her father wer a stern, just mon; fierce, if onnie wranged him, mair gentle still, if onnie needed; but none dare say the word that was untrue within his ken, or lichtlie him so much as a shadow, e'en when seas rolled between, so long as he wer standing on the hill's blue heather! But when he wer dead and gone, without or kith or kin, save the Lady Janet and his brother, the deil put into the mouth o' Kenneth to speak slightinglie and wi' disparagement o' the auld mon, the Lady Janet's father—put it into their cowardlie hearts to say what the father o' lies would; because there wer nane but a puir woman to gainsay him. And the Lady Janet heard—heard all they would invent, wi' naught but her simple word, simple and trew as her puir father's would ha' been, to contradict them. And they who saw her, said the Lady Janet's face, mild and gentle, and brave, and queenlike as it always wer, became strange, wi' an eerie glance in her large dark eyes,—a look like the look of a stag at bay!

"'Twas unco' remarkable, to say nothing more o' the matter," continued Mrs. Bennet, who, like many Scotch women, was somewhat superstitious, "'twas unco' remarkable, to say nothing more o' the matter, that about this time, in a' the glens, and in a' the ways, might be heard the auld Johnstoun strathspey: sometimes ye might

find the instrument and the mon, oftner not; but what wer remarkable wer, that a'most every Hielandmon o' a' the clan wer heard singing strange words to the auld tune, and nane could tell fra whence they came. I mind me of them noo.

"We answer to thy voice,
Lady Janet o' the Ha';
Be it late or earlie,
We answer to thy ca'.

"Sweethearts, wives, and mithers,
We leave them ane and a';
We're comin', Lady Janet,
We answer to thy ca'.

"O'er the muir and mountain,
O'er the water's fa',
We're comin', Lady Janet,
We answer to thy ca'.

"Frae distant land or countrie,
Frae near, or far awa',
We're comin', Lady Janet,
We answer to thy ca'.

"Ha'e we hames, or wives, or bairnies,
Or ha'e we name at a',
We're comin', Lady Janet,
We answer to thy ca'.

"We'll fire nae light or beacon,
We'll need just nane at a',
We'll ha'e the licht o' yer eyes sae bright,
Lady Janet o' the Ha'.

"We'll need nae pibrochs plying,
We'll say just naught at a',
But strike, and live or die for
The Johnstouns o' the Ha'.

"Then, we're comin', Lady Janet,
Do ye hear us, ane and a'?
We answer to thy spirit,
Queen o' the Johnstouns a'!

"Sir Patrick took it a' darklie and silentlie, as wer his fashion, and ne'er stood up for his wife's father, or so much as turned his head to save her a pang, but contrarywise, seemed as if 'twere something he would e'en brave out; and 'twere about this time, when every one belonging to the Lady Janet, or any o' the Johnstouns, felt that something wer hanging o'er the clan, though they didna richtlie ken what, that he must needs summon a' the folk round about for mony a mile to a gran' ball! At that time naebody could mak' oot for why.

"My mither, wi' mony anither o' the people, wer there in the great ha', to see all as wer to be seen, and there were more than Sir Patrick reckoned for, before the night wer over.

"They say the Lady Janet looked like a spirit in her white satin robe (ane o' Sir

Patrick's petty oppressions being that he wad na permit her to wear the garb o' sorrow for her father), a' fastened like her hair, wi' jewels, which were dim beside the glittering hunted gleam o' her eyes; and next to her, for remarkableness, wer Sir Patrick's sister, the Mistress Joan; her face wer dark and heavy, like her brother's, wi' a look in it that alway turned a child or dog away. My mither, of course, co. d only see, nae hear aught except the music; but when the nicht wer far advanced, and the earlie winter's morn wer comin', she saw the Lady Janet (as had been standin' wearie against ane o' the pillars of the ha' for half an hour or more) speaking to Sir Patrick's sister, Joan. And gradually the music ceased, and folks gathered round to hark to what they wer saying; and my mither, for a' she wer but a servant, wer the Lady Janet's foster sister, and so she forced her way in, and stood amang the lords and ladies too, unnoted of, and listening. She just cam in time to hear Mistress Joan say scoffinglie, 'And is't for this ye glour sae stranglie upon me, my Lady Janet?'

"It is," said Lady Janet, 'because ye're your father's dochter! I ha' nae power,' continued she despairinglie, 'I ha' nae power, for I am but ane puir simple woman again a powerful craftie mon, assisted by the father o' a' such lies. But I can show what I would do had I the power' (and here her sma' hand clenched sae that the flowers she held fell withered at her feet); 'and may your father, Mistress Joan, be ten thousand times dishonored, in his life and in his death, for every word by which he's tried to lichtlie mine!'

"Mistress Joan looked almost afraid as the words were said, and a stillness fell over a' as the Lady Janet leaned wearilie back again the marble pillar, which wer white like her face; when suddenlie a clear voice spoke like a clarion in the hush of all around, and him as had ne'er been seen sin' they parted on the muir, Lord Archdale, stood amang 'em a', and his hand grasped his dirk as he said, 'For ae kis o' yer bonnie moo, Cousin Janet, I'll tear his lying tongue out frae his lips, and fling it to the dogs!'

"Lady Janet sprang forward, saying, 'A hundred, Archie! and God bless ye!'

"I'll no' say he took sae mony less, ere he loosed her from his arms, and left the ha',

followed ane and a' by the nobles and gentles, and his ain men, but none could tell for why the music maun ever add its voice to the rest, and struck up the auld Johnstoun strathspey. And there wer fierce muttering, and hurrying to and fro, and the dark nicht wer lichted by eyes and blades mair na torches. The Lady Janet, mair prouddie than had e'er been seen, followed her husband frae the deserted room, and what passed between them nane may tell, for strange as it may seem she wer but seldom seen again.

"Troubles followed fast upon her footsteps; the Lord Archdale wer found foulie slain, and nigh upon hacked to pieces by the road-side on that same nicht, and nane could tell by whom the cowardlie deed had been done. And there wer hardlie any but what rejoiced—strange rejoicing!—when Kenneth, Sir Patrick's father, wer found in his ain braid chamber, decked about wi' every device to pamper the heart o' mon, but dead, and wi' his tongue cut oot frae the mouth. Nane can tell or imagine the deadlie vengeance or horror of a Hieland feud; it wer characteristic of such that in the dead hand wer a scroll o' paper, and written on it i' bluid wer these strange words:—

" 'Lords and gentles, hearken,
And remember what ye've heard:
Be it late or earlie,
Archdale Evry keeps his word.'

"The perpetrator o' the deed wer ne'er discovered, but 'twas evident that retribution had followed the dead mon, and the orphan's tears had furrowed a track for sorrow up to his ain threshold. The Lady Janet's gleaming hunted eyes wer about to close on the path once sae bright, and then sae dim, and I'm thinking, puir thing, that she might, and perhaps does now," said Mrs. Bennet, in a voice that thrilled through me, "sigh for the rest which folks say she's never found.

"Soon after this time, Sir Patrick maun e'en choose ane o' the caulest, bitterest days o' winter, when storms o' wind and snow wer raging fierce, to drag the Lady Janet frae the ingle-nuk where she aye sat noo dreaming nane could say o' what;—maun drag her to gang wi' him to visit his ill-favored sister, Mistress Joan.

"The Lady Janet, ne'er in a' the days

that passed sin' Lord Archdale's death, sae long as she lived, ne'er gainsaid her husband in ony thing, and some even went sae far as to say that a shadow o' sorrowful tenderness for her wer sometimes seen athwart his savage face;—it wer but a passing gleam, called forth by some act of obedience, perchance, or unselfishness on her part, or may be some service performed for him by the thin, shadowy hands, which had never sought his in love for a' they'd been mon and wife a year.

"Be this as it may, they started in the face o' the beating hail and drifting snow, though warned by a'most a' the men about that a fearful nicht wer comin' on. There were twa roads ye maun ken to Lowereslie, where the Mistress Joan held her rigid sway. The longest road wer the onlie one as wer passable except in summer weather, and by this they started, arriving safe at the frowning Ha' where Mistress Joan were closeted long, long wi' her brother, leaving the Lady Janet alane, in the cauld room, wi' as sma' courtesie as could be observed, until the gloom o' the short winter's day closing in, warned Sir Patrick to hasten his departure; but the gloom o' winter wer as sunshine compared wi' the gloom upon his browe, as he persisted sternlie and obstinatelie, as wer his wont, in ganging hame by the nearer road, by which they'd have to cross the ferry.

"I've often heard," said Mrs Bennet, gazing steadfastly into the fire, "that when the shadow o' death is closing round, the mightie One is permitted wi' his huge wing to touch those he is about to grasp, so that unconsciouslie to themselves they are warned to make their peace wi' a' men before departing on their lonely road. The Lady Janet might ha' felt the icie touch, or read her doom in Sir Patrick's face, for as she turned to leave the inhospitable ha's o' Lowereslie she stopped, then hurried back to where Mistress Joan stood wi' the sinister smile upon her face, watching their departure; and wi' her foot upon the threshold, held out her little trembling hand, and the hunted eyes looked up beseechinglie at her sister-in-law as she said quicklie, 'Joan, let us part friends this winter's night; for a' that I ha' wronged yein, in thought or word have mercy, and forgive me now.'

"Joan looked at her as though she wer

demented, and said sneeringly, 'The Lady Janet Johnstoun sue for pardon! What new game is this? Forgive! and wherefore *now*, may I make bold to ask?'

"Lady Janet clasped her hands together. 'I canna say, Joan, but in the name o' Him that rules seedtime and harvest, frost and snow, part friends wi' me the nicht.'

"Sir Patrick had also turned back, and hearing the last words, seized her roughly by the arm, and dragged her away, the fiendish laugh o' Mistress Joan wringing in their ears. She said na mair, and nothing in reply to his taunts at her strange humilitie—her silence seeming as though it provoked him more na words could hae done—until when they came to the ferry the mon Sandie ventured to say that 'twas as much as a mon's life wer worth to ferry him o'er the nicht, nearly dark as it wer, wi' nae but the fitful light o' the moon, which the clouds were so continually crossing, that 'twas but little better than total darkness. When Sandie ventured to say that 'twas unsafe, Sir Patrick made as though he wad ha' struck at him, and shouted as if beside his sel', 'Art afraid, hound, to ferry the Lady Janet Johnstoun, when she stan's waiting?' The coward made use o' her name to attain his miserable object. As soon as he said the word, Sandie sprang up and unmoored the boat, and lifting the Lady Janet in, wi' mair care na ceremonie, said, 'Nae mon e'er ca'd Sandie M'Clinton coward before, and I hope ye may live to repent it, Sir Patrick!'

"The boat sped bravelie on her way, until they wer high upon where the current ran, when it became evident that 'twere more than ony twa men could manage to steer across it. And Sir Patrick's face grew white and pinched as the thought obtruded itself upon his mind, that the statelie ha' they left i' the morn might never echo to his tread again. The wind howled like the howl o' spirits, but still Lady Janet sat silent and calm wi' her dark eyes fixed upon the sky, and never seemed to have a fear that she wer sailing down that stream into eternitie, until she observed Sandie begin to take off his upper claithe, and pointing to a rope which lay i' the stern, he said, 'I am the stronger mon o' the twa, bind the Lady Janet fast to me, and wi' the help o' Him that rules, she shall be safe in her ain ha' to-nicht. There's nae wife or child to make their mane for me

gin I'm missing i' the morn; and as ye ken, I'm no' the first o' my name as has been gey to sink or swim wi' the Johnstouns, sae lose na time, Sir Patrick.' But the Lady Janet's face for the onlie time flushed a bright red, as she exclaimed, hastily, 'Too late, too late, Sandie; the time's come, ye can na detain me—the time's come!' And as she uttered the words, the boat capsized, and they wer a' struggling again the torrent for their lives. The Lady Janet must ha' gone down speedielie, but Sir Patrick and Sandie fought bravelie, and Sandie perilled his life to save the Lady Janet, but when she disappeared altogether, he like one o' the clan as he wer, after a sore fight wi' angry elements, wer flung upon the bank wi' the senseless form o' Sir Patrick in his grasp.

"Their shout for help as the boat gaed down had been heard at a fisherman's cottage ower the cliff, and they wer baith taken up to it, and wi' much care brought to life; Sir Patrick's first question being aye thought a strange one: for, instead o' demanding, as folk thought wad be natural, 'Is she saved?' his first question to the auld fish-wife, as she bent ower him, wer, 'Is the *body* found?' And he did na seem sae cut up as might hae been expected when they tauld him 'nae.'

"But a' the day and a' the nicht he wer wandering backward and forward on the shore o' the lake, as if he sought for treasure.

"At the first news o' the disaster, Mistress Joan had come, and niver left her brother, and wer always at hand, bidding him 'bear up, bear it bravelie.' Now, 'twas never expected he wad mourn for the Lady Janet; he'd never been the loving husband, generous and tender to the frail piece o' woman-kind that o' his ain free-will he'd taken frae them as loved and tended her.

"'Twas never expected he'd mourn the loss o' a companion; though unmurmuringlie, and wi'out fail she'd been his slave!

"Therefore, why should he 'bear up bravelie'? 'Twas soon explained, for it became evident that he wer *terrified*—just as though a keeper had lost some wild animal, and alway feared it might spring upon and devour him—and wi' a' Mistress Joan's care, and tending, and courage, and face, that seemed as though they could beard a lion in his den, he quailed more and more, until they brought the news, as he wandered by the lake, that the 'body

o' the Lady Janet had been recovered lower down the stream,' and a' that remained o' the queen o' the clan, the darling o' sae mony hearts, wer laid in the Johnstoun Ha', ance again for the last time. Then wer his terror seen in its true licht; and when he and Mistress Joan entered the solemn chamber, where the stillness o' the marble form seemed to rebuke his fear, he sprang wildlie at it, and tearing off the covering, pointed, with the yell of a demon, to a gash in the left side, which, with his touch, began to ooze forth big drops o' bluid.

"Mistress Joan had need to bear up brave-
lie then, for Sir Patrick sank down whim-
pering like a craven hound, and ne'er again
had the licht o' reason vouchsafed him; some-
times wild wi' terror, sometimes cowed and
feeble like a child, but always a thing to
dread, for he wer mad!

"Mistress Joan nicht weel speak awsome-
lie o' 'the wound the sharp rock had made
in her puir sister's breast.' Folk kenned
weel enuch that a sharper instrument than
the rugged rock had struck the blow, which
made the Lady Janet sink down like a stone
when the boat capsized. And for a' that he
wer questioned, Sandie had never say a word
except that 'a' things wad be made clear,
wi'out the testimony o' a puir Hielandmon,'
but he were a silent altered mon frae that
day forward, and ne'er wad cross the ferry
wi' any human being again. He went out
alone, on the stormiest nichts;—gossips said
he wer wandering in his mind, for he alway
took a piece o' rope wi' him, and when he
cam back i' the morn the neighbors wad
speer, 'What for did ye gang yer gait,
Sandie?' His reply wer alway the same,
'To be ready gin he wer ca'd for.'

"The Lady Janet Johnstoun, the last o'
her name, in her twenty-first year, wer buried
solemnly in the presence o' them as had
served and loved her; kith or kin she had
nane, near, but the Mistress Joan. And sae
the young girl, whose earlie promise had
been brighter and gayer than most, had
lived a bitterer life, and died a crueller death,
than is often heard of, and wer maist truth-
fullie and deeplie mourned by her foster sis-
ter, my ain mither.

"And now, my dears," said Mrs. Bennet,
after a long pause, which we had been too
deeply impressed with her story to break in
upon, "I dinna ken whether I'm richt in tell-

ing you what folks say, except it may be that
ye winna place ower much stress upon it, but
set it down to the superstition o' a puir wo-
man frae the north countree; and therefore
wi'out further preface, I maun tell ye that
the Lady Janet Johnstoun nae rests in a
grave o' mon's delving, but is still seen seek-
ing for, nane can tell what. If it is permit-
ted her to work retribution upon ony that so
much as hurt one hair o' her head, I wad say
wi' my whole heart may it be dune. But I
fear this maun be impossible, as there's nane
we ken of to reap either ban or blessing by
her name.

"But 'tis said by some, that every mortal
has their span o' life given wi' its portion o'
joy and woe, and gin the life be cut off by
ony unexpected stroke, still the spirit maun
do its work, and, invisible to a', perform its
task unseen and unrewarded. And so, per-
chance, it may be wi' her, and if it is, puir
thing, surelie it maun be joy she'll hae noo,
for 'tis hard to think her share o' sorrow wer
not consumed while she walked here; but in
ony case, I say as I've often heard my mither,
'Peace to the Lady Janet Johnstoun.'

"And now, my bairns," said Mrs. Bennet,
rising and stroking my head, as I sat on a low
stool by the fire, "gang awa' to yer beds, and
think na mair to-nicht o' the auld woman's
story, for it's getting very late, and ye'll hae
to be up betimes, because o' a' yer companie,
and ye look pale and wearie noo, my dear."

To describe the effect which Mrs. Bennet's
history had produced upon our minds would
be impossible; it was the lifting of the cur-
tain which revealed a life of bitterness hith-
erto unknown; and, obedient to her word,
we separated for our respective chambers,
after simply thanking her for the recital.

But would I not rather have remained in
ignorance respecting the object of my former
curiosity, the Lady Janet?

Assuredly I would.

Perhaps my readers may have arrived at
the same conclusion with myself respecting
my Christmas box, the Austrian ornaments.
I had no doubt in my own mind that, strangely
and by accident, I was in possession of what
had formerly been the property of the Lady
Janet, and the golden-haired chief was no
other than himself, Lord Archdale Evry!

Pondering over these surmises, I entered
my room, where the fire burned brightly, and
the "Sleepy Hollow," by its side, tempted

me beyond my strength of resistance to sit down and give way to speculative conjecture on the subject; and I freely confess that, although the faded case lay in solitary grandeur on the table in the centre of the apartment, I shrank with a feeling somewhat akin to horror from touching it; in fact, I should have been glad to know that it was in Mrs. Bennet's chamber rather than mine. But yet it exercised a fascination over me, and, raking the fire together and throwing on more wood, I lay back in my chair, and with my head half turned towards it dreamed and dreamed its history over again, until the hours passed by unheeded, and I still lay back in the cosy fauteuil, and watched the faded case. I say *watched*—but what was I watching? Of course I was watching nothing but the case, which I could not always see the whole of. Was it partially covered by something? I tried to raise my hand to my eyes, but it felt heavy, and I could not lift it from the elbow of my chair. Surely, the candles were burning blue and pale; but not so pale but that *now* I could see the *other* side of the case. The room grew cold and chilly, as if a gust of air came in. Did the curtains move with the draught?

Bluer and dimmer burned the candles, fainter and fainter gleamed the fire: but still my eyes were riveted to the faded morocco case. What was it that moved slowly from side to side, as if seeking awkwardly for the clasp? It was a hand! and shrieks for help rose to my lips, but fell soundless, and I was paralyzed to my chair, and watching—still watching—that thin, shadowy, little hand. Small and exquisite were the taper fingers which were pressing on the clasp; and with the fascination of horror, I wondered where was the other hand; and redoubling the earnestness of my gaze, I traced from the little hand on the case, slowly up the wrist, arm, shoulder, until “Oh, help! help! she’s come!” I yelled. But no sound escaped my dry lips, as I recognized the Lady Janet Johnstoun.

There was the small broad head, with its raven tresses hanging down to her feet; but they were dishevelled and dripping with water. I could see and *hear* it trickling and dropping on to the floor. I saw the pure oval face, the eyes cast down, so that the jetty fringes rested on the cheek, as still that one hand moved on the clasp. The dim light

around me became dimmer and dimmer, and my hands and feet were heavier and heavier—they were like stone. I could not fly from the presence of the *thing*—I could not stir or breathe—and I dare not divide my attention with it so much as to raise a prayer for aid and strength, knowing that if the eyes once met mine I was undone. I glared on it.

As the light around me became fainter and the atmosphere colder, so it became brighter and bluer around the *thing*, until the space behind was not the walls of my chamber but mist. I could not tell what, but—oh! sickening horror!—I *now* saw that the other hand was pressed over a wound in the side, from which the blood was oozing through the fingers on to the white drapery, which fell wet and shadowy like the hair. Whether this for one moment diverted my attention I cannot say, but I heard the faint click of the case opening, I saw the little hand take up the larger clasp, and, resting it on the velvet of the case, slowly withdrew the miniature and the lock of golden hair. The case was closed again, and I knew that the fringed lids were rising, and the eyes, strange and dilated, *hunted*, met mine. I felt that the thing was advancing towards me, the light around it becoming dimmer; but the eyes were on me. I could not cry or scream, but sat with hands grasping the elbows of my chair, knowing that the spirit had attained its ascendancy over me, and awaiting my doom. Nearer it came, and nearer, colder and colder was the air, I saw the drapery of the chamber lifted as by a blast of wind which pierced through me, and as I crouched before the advancing thing, it raised its bloody hand off its breast, as if to take hold of mine—but I knew no more.

* * * * *

So long as the world lasts, there will be a “to-morrow morning.” Late on this particular “to-morrow morning,” I was roused from what appeared to me a deep sleep by the ejaculations of Lora and Mrs. Bennet, and was surprised to see the medical man of the district bending gravely over me; moreover, it is somewhat startling to feel a babbling of sal-volatile, etc., on your temples, when you are not aware of any necessity for the attention! And when I inquired the meaning of all this from Mrs. Bennet, my voice sounded as if it came faintly from the

other end of the room, and I was promptly informed that I was not to be allowed to exercise it.

To make a long story short, I had been discovered by Mrs. Bennet some four hours before, that is to say about nine o'clock in the morning, stiff and senseless on the floor of my room; how long I had been so, of course she was unable to tell, but not finding that I "cam to" so quickly as she expected, she sent for Dr. Blount, thanks to whose care I escaped the brain fever hanging over me. So soon as he had taken his departure from the room, enjoining the strictest quiet, I begged Lora and Mrs. Bennet to sit down by my bedside, when I solemnly related to them all that had passed, commencing with my discovery of the contents of the clasp, and ending with the visitation of the previous night, but interrupted by the tears and sobs of Mrs. Bennet.

When I had slowly and with some difficulty finished my recital, I said: "This may have been but a distempered dream, brought on by fatigue and over-excitement, but I

feel very weak in mind as well as body, and if you will reach me the case, it will be a satisfaction to me to find the miniature and the lock of hair untouched; besides which you have neither of you seen them, and I confess I cannot believe it a dream, until I have the proof, by their being still in their former place."

Mrs. Bennet said, persuasively,—

Never mind it now, my bairn, it wer all a dream, tak' your auld nurse's word for it."

"No," I said, "Mary, I cannot believe it a dream, until I have the proof that Lady Janet had not got them in her hand, so let me have it," I persisted.

Mrs. Bennet looked sadly at me without moving, but Lora rose, and went to the table returning with the case in her hand, saying as she did so "it appears to have been wet!"

Her words thrilled me with horror, and shuddering, I took hold of it, opened it, lifted up the larger clasp, and with a shriek fell back again upon my pillow; for the miniature and the lock of golden hair were both gone!

B. B.

TITULAR WISDOM.—When Father Matthew, the first European missionary, entered China, the court was informed that he possessed great skill in astronomy; he was therefore sent for, and examined. The established astronomers of state undertook this task, and made their report to the emperor, that his skill was but very superficial, and no way comparable to their own. The missionary, however, appealed from their judgment to experience, and challenged them to calculate an eclipse of the moon that was to happen a few nights following. "What!" said some, "shall a barbarian, without nails, pretend to vie with men in astronomy, who have made it the study of their lives, with men who know half the knowable characters of words, who wear scientific caps and slippers, and who have gone through every literary degree with applause?" The eclipse began: the Chinese produced a most splendid apparatus, and were fifteen minutes wrong; the missionary, with a single instrument, was exact to a second. This was convincing; but the court astronomers were not to be convinced: instead of acknowledging their error, they assured the emperor that their calculations were certainly exact, but that the stranger, without nails, had actually bewitched the moon. "Well, then," cries the good emperor,

smiling at their ignorance, "you shall still continue to be servants of the moon, but I constitute this man her controller." China is thus replete with men, whose only pretensions to knowledge arise from external circumstances; and, in Europe, every country abounds with them in proportion to its ignorance. Spain and Flanders, who are behind the rest of Europe in learning, at least three centuries, have twenty literary titles, and marks of distinction, unknown in France or England: they have their *Clarissimi* and *Præclarissimi*, their *Accuratissimi* and *Minutissimi*; a round cap entitles one student to argue, and a square cap permits another to teach; while a cap with a tassel almost sanctifies the head it happens to cover. But where true knowledge is cultivated, these formalities begin to disappear: the ermined cowl, the solemn beard, and sweeping train are laid aside; philosophers dress, and talk, and think, like other men; and lamb-skin dressers, and cap-makers, and tail-carriers, now deplore a literary reformation. For my own part, my friend, I have seen enough of presuming ignorance, never to venerate wisdom but where it actually appears. I have received literary titles and distinctions myself: and, by the quantity of my own wisdom, know how very little wisdom they can confer.

From The Saturday Review.
 PROVERBS OF THE GERMAN JEWS. *

THE JEWS, like the gypsies or the Parsees, are among the curiosities of ethnology. They have preserved for centuries their religion, their dialect, and their nationality, in spite of the influences which in a hundred other cases, have sufficed in a few years to obliterate them altogether. Softer influences seem, however, to be accomplishing what the fiercest persecution has failed to do. Their national peculiarities have outlived the attacks of lawless power, legal rigor, and social exclusiveness; but they appear to be yielding to the gentler operation of kinder and more civilized treatment. The German Jews are slowly amalgamating with their fellow-countrymen, and more extensive intercourse is gradually effacing the peculiarity of their customs. It is time that archæologists should bestir themselves if they wish to save from oblivion these precious relics of the past. M. Tendlau is already known for his efforts to preserve to posterity some of the strange legends peculiar to his countrymen. The present work upon their proverbs and sayings is a suitable sequel to the last. Proverbs embalm the past history of a race more perfectly even than legends; for their significance is plainer, and in the process of being handed down they are less liable to change. Even in England, where our nationality is modern compared to that of the Jews, the vitality of proverbs is very striking. Such proverbs as "Good wine needs no bush," and "A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom," must have had their origin in times when English, as now spoken, would have scarcely been intelligible.

Yet it is strange to observe how few of the thousand and odd proverbs which M. Tendlau's industry has collected carry one back into the past history of the Jews. In the long wandering which brought them from the Holy Land to Germany, they seem to have lost their proverbs on the way. The nickname of "a Titus," which they give to every persecutor of their race, preserves their traditionary recollections of a man whom all the world besides accepts as a model of virtue. The characters mentioned in Scripture occur abundantly in their proverbs.

* *Sprichwörter und Redensarten deutsch-jüdischer Vorzeit.* Von Abraham Tendlau. Frankfurt-am-Main: Keller. 1860.

"Drunk as Lot," "poor as Job," "treacherous as Haman," "false as Laban," are proverbs derived in no way from tradition, but simply from hearing Scripture read in their synagogues. The hypocrisy of Esau, is quaintly recorded in the proverb "Esau gives tithes of straw"—the story being that he tried to give his father a high idea of his piety by consulting him as to the duty of giving to the poor tithes of thrashed-out straw. A still more curious legendary proverb is that which sets up Korah as the type of intense avarice. A German Jew says of a miser, "He is a Korah." A few of the proverbs—but they are a small proportion—go a step further, and commemorate personages whose existence is only attested by tradition. "The patience of Hillel" is an adage that celebrates the virtues of a Jewish Rabbi who is said to have lived about thirty years before Christ. His legend is remarkable in that, among other things, it puts into his mouth a view of the essentials of morality very similar to that afterwards laid down by the Divine Author of Christianity. A Gentile is said to have come to him, and demanded that, while he stood on one leg, Hillel should teach him the whole law. "Well, my son," said Hillel, "never do to others that which is hateful to yourself—that is the foundation of the law. All the rest is only commentary." But the historical interest of these proverbs does not go beyond these few references to Talmudical traditions. Occasionally, a curious exotic specimen of Gentile history, strangely naturalized, makes its appearance among these legends. By help of the Arabic learning in Spain, the Jews have come to entertain a great reverence for the wisdom of Aristotle, in spite of the Talmud's habitual denunciations of Greek wisdom; and the vast majority of the Jews were accustomed to quote Aristotle as a very learned Jew. A still stranger case of naturalization is the cosmopolitan King Arthur, whose curious fate it has been to have been hero-worshipped by every other race more than by his own. The German Jews have not been behind-hand in the general enthusiasm. The wealth of King Arthur's court is still a proverb among them, and there exists in Hebrew Jewish—an uncouth compound of Hebrew and Low German—a poem in rhyme upon King Arthur's Glories. Their proverbial

literature seems to have been by no means repulsive of foreign elements. Bits of French not unfrequently make their appearance, and add a new element of confusion to their barbarous *patois*. *Schmues puriendis* is their phrase for idle chatter and gossip; of which *schmues* comes *schemúoth*, Hebrew for "talk," and *puriendis* is a corruption of *pour rien dire*.

Far the most striking aspect of these proverbs is not the historical, but the religious. If proverbs are any indication of a nation's habitual occupations, the Jews for many centuries must have been more wholly given up to the ritual observances of their religion than the Pharisee in the parable himself. These sayings have constant reference to something either in the law, or the commentaries, or the services of the synagogue. But they are by no means always respectful in their allusions. What our author calls the "Folk's-wit" of the German Jews seems to have been for centuries very familiar with their religion, and at the same time very critical. Any thing very long and tedious is popularly nicknamed "a litany." Any very foolish conversation goes by the name of "sabbath-talk." If a man praises his own actions or productions, his friends say of him, "He says ki-tob thereupon"—ki-tob being the Hebrew for "it was good" in the text of Genesis—"And he saw that it was good;" and so on through a whole string of instances. It used to be the habit to nickname a man upon whom, in the present day, we should serve an order of affiliation, a "green Messiah;" i.e., a Messiah in a hunting-dress; but this appears to have been connected with the remains of a popular superstition rather than with any intentional irreverence. It had its origin, like the notion of the "incubus" in the Middle Ages, in the ingenious appeal to popular credulity made by ladies implicated. Many other references of the kind were rather familiar than irreverent. Two friends who are always together would be laughed at by titles of two chapters in Exodus which are always read together in the yearly cycle. But if the two friends were of an unsavory reputation, they then would be honored by the titles of two of the least edifying chapters of Leviticus, which are also always read together. But the sentiment most strongly and constantly expressed by these proverbs is

a horror of hypocrites and over-righteous men, the two being by no means very strongly distinguished in a Jew's mind. "The pig sticks out his foot to show that he is clean" is a pithy adage to designate the hypocrite that tries to put the best face he can upon his vices—the pig having, in his cloven hoof, half the proofs of cleanness, but being numbered among the unclean animals because he does not also chew the cud. The following tradition put the popular horror of the over-righteous in its strongest form:—

"In Portugal there once lived a wealthy aged man. He had but one son—handsome, shrewd, well taught. When he felt his hour draw nigh, he called the youth to him and said, 'Listen, my son! I leave thee a fair property in land and money, so that with due economy there is enough for your whole life. One thing only I charge you, to beware of the painted ones—of those who would be over-righteous above what the nature of man permits. Before men they are pious—in their hearts they have seven vices. Again, I say, take heed of the too pious, and it will go well with thee and thine for all time.' The father died. The son came to know a maiden, a poor orphan. She pleased him, and he married her. She was thrifty and modest in the sight of men, and they lived happily together for four or five years. One day the young man said to his wife, 'Come, let us go into the streets and to the fair, and see what the land furnishes that is beautiful or excellent. I dare say I may buy you some pretty thing.' 'No,' said she, 'I will not go to the fair. It might well be that I should cast my eyes on some other man, or be the cause that some other man should cast his eyes on me, and so sin myself, or cause others to sin. No, I will not go.' The husband thought to himself, 'What, are you also a hypocrite?' He remembered his father's last words, and went alone. About half a year afterwards he said to her, 'I have important business, and must go on a long journey; be so kind as to make ready for me to go.' She did so; and the next day he bade her farewell. But no sooner had he ridden a few miles than he turned back and put up at an inn where he was not known. When it was quite dark, he crept back to his house, and by means of a second key that he had made, let himself in. He surprised her paramour in the house. As soon as she saw him she cried to her lover, 'Take your sword, and cut the fellow down.' But he contrived to escape. He rushed out of the house, but instead of returning to his inn he threw

himself down upon the pavement, bowed down with grief, and at last fell asleep. That same night it happened that the king's palace was broken into and some costly jewellery stolen. There was an alarm in the palace, and the king commanded to close the gates, and search the town from house to house. His servants hurried through the town, and soon found the wretched husband lying in the street. He was seized and shut up; and as, in spite of the torture, he would not say who he was and how he came to be lying in the street, he was condemned to death. But he thought, 'I had rather die than own to my own shame. What is life to me?' He was taken to the place of execution. The king's confessor—a man of eminence—walked beside him, and pressed him hardly to come into the bosom of the Church before his death, and so to die happy. He remained silent. The procession happened to pass by a dunghill that lay in the road, and round the edge of which worms were crawling. 'Go round the dunghill,' cried the monk to the executioner, 'go round, and don't crush the worms.' 'Ah!' thought the prisoner, 'a hypocrite!' And he forthwith called to the officers, 'Stop! I will confess. I and this monk committed the theft together.' The monk turned pale, but he was arrested, and together with the prisoner brought back before the king, and his cell was searched and the jewels found in it. Then the prisoner confessed that he had known nothing of the monk, but that when he had seen him so hard to himself and so compassionate to the worms, he had seemed to hear his father's last words again, and had done what he had done. Therefore to the present day people say to hypocrites, to those who kiss their prayer-books and yet walk not honestly, '*Ei, ei zertret mer die Würmchen nit.*' 'Ah! ah! don't crush the worms.'

The extreme devotion to forms, of which this book gives constant evidence, would naturally produce those over-pious votaries

in great numbers; and the popular mind seems to have preserved a special grudge against them. Under one of the proverbs the author tells a curious story of the intense superstitions of which this prevalent hypocrisy was the immediate fruit. All games of cards are by the Rabbinical law placed under a curse, except during certain festive seasons. The sacerdotal authorities at Mayence, however, probably finding that the prohibition was not much regarded, were anxious that none of their flocks should suffer from the rigor of the curse; and yet they were fully resolved not to break the law. So they hit upon the ingenious compromise of writing the curse down as usual in the great book of the community, but purposely wrote one letter of it wrong. In that way they satisfied themselves it was deprived of its sting.

These are a few specimens of the quaint anecdotes and sayings of which the book is full. The author has a peculiar aptitude for the task he has undertaken, not only because he is well versed in his subject, but on account of the affectionate piety with which he preserves every trait of the race to which he belongs, and for whose sufferings he so keenly feels. He laments their fate as peculiarly hard in Germany, for he thinks that the Germans—if any among Christian nations—ought to be drawn to his race by a community of destiny of gifts. He cites against them Lessing's saying, "German nationality is to have none." Germans and Jews are to be alike found among all people—a people living apart, yet not a nation; and as Israel is the bearer of a heavenly revelation, so Germans are a "people-Messiah, the bearers of spiritual culture to humanity."

DURING the past week Mr. Manwaring has published a pamphlet by John Lothrop Motley, on "The Causes of the Civil War in America;"

also, "A History of the American Compromises," by Harriet Martineau, reprinted, with additions from the *Daily News*.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE OXFORD, CAMBRIDGE, AND DUBLIN
MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA:
NEWS OF THE MISSION, AND
OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

THE opening up of Central Africa to commerce, Christianity, and civilization—such is the aim into which all enterprises of African adventure, and all speculations about Africa, have recently resolved themselves; and, when Dr. Livingstone left England with his party, in March, 1858, it was with a preconceived notion as to one particular route by which this object might be effected. "I expect," he said, "to find for myself no large fortune in that country; nor do I expect to explore any large portions of a new country; but I do hope to find, through that part of the country which I have already explored, a pathway by means of the river Zambezi, which may lead to highlands where Europeans may form a settlement, and where, by opening up communication, and establishing commercial intercourse with the natives of Africa, they may slowly, but not the less surely, impart to the people of that country the knowledge and inestimable blessings of Christianity."

Among the agencies organized in prosecution of this object, that which exists under the name of "the Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin Mission," possesses, both on its own account, and from its close connection with Dr. Livingstone's continued labors, a special claim on public interest. The Mission grew out of visits paid by Dr. Livingstone while he was here, to the two English universities. Without detailing the successive steps, suffice it to say that, after preliminary meetings and consultations in Oxford, Cambridge, and London, held prior to February, 1860, and in which such men as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Beresford Hope, the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Robert Cecil, the Bishops of London, Oxford, and St. David's, Dr. Whewell, Professor Sedgwick, Professor Jeremie, Dr. Heurtley, the Dean of Westminster, and the late Archdeacon Hardwick, took an active part, an Association was formed for sustaining a Mission to Central Africa, in the joint names of the two universities, and that the scheme was afterwards extended so as to admit the University of Dublin, and thus represent, through the universities, the united Church of England and

Ireland. The basis of the Mission and its plan of operations were arranged as follows: Money was to be raised for the establishment of the Mission, and for its support for five years. The Mission was to consist of six clergymen, with a bishop at their head, together with a medical man, a staff of artisans, etc. While the primary object of the Mission was to be, "to spread Christianity among the untaught people of Central Africa," it was to "recognize the importance of commerce and civilization in developing the natural resources, and in elevating the inhabitants of these regions;" and it was to help in the suppression of domestic slavery in Africa, and of the slave-trade between Africa and other countries. Avoiding interference with the work of other missionary societies, it was to have for its own aim, not so much the formation of a Christian colony, as the settling of missionaries "among the natives under the protection of their chiefs," so as "by mere teaching and influence, to help to build up native Christian states." Finally, the special scene of operations in Africa was left undetermined; and, in this matter, the advice of Dr. Livingstone was to be waited for.

The result of these resolutions, duly and gradually carried into effect, was, that in December, 1860, a party, consisting of Archdeacon Mackenzie (a man who has foregone, for the life of a missionary, all the prospects at home following on a brilliant university career), the Rev. L. J. Proctor, the Rev. H. C. Scudamore, Horace Waller, Esq., naturalist and lay superintendent, S. A. Gamble and J. Adams, artisans, together with several blacks, as interpreters, etc., were collected in Capetown, ready to set out for the Zambezi. Livingstone's vessel, the *Pioneer*, having arrived at the Cape, from England, a portion of the party set out, in company with it, in the *Sidon*; and, on the 8th of January, 1861, they were followed, in H. M. steamer, *Lyra*, by Mr. Mackenzie and the rest—Mr. Mackenzie having a few days before, been consecrated in the cathedral at Capetown as "Missionary Bishop to the tribes dwelling in the neighborhood of the Lake Nyassa and River Shire." It was Bishop Mackenzie's hope, on his leaving the Cape, to meet Livingstone at the mouth of the Zambezi, ascend that river with him in the steamer, and then disembark to com-

mence the labors of the Mission at some point which Livingstone would assist in indicating, but which would probably be "near the River Shire or the Lake Nyassa, from which it flows." How far that hope was fulfilled, and what has been the history of the Mission hitherto, will be seen from the following extracts, which we are permitted to make from a manuscript letter from the Rev. R. Rowley, who set out from England to join the Mission, and who, arriving at Cape-town the day after Bishop Mackenzie's departure, was fortunately enabled to overtake him at Natal, and join him in the *Lyra*.

"We sighted the *Sidon* about one o'clock, P.M., on the 7th of February, and anchored a short distance from her [on the Zambezi coast] about three hours afterwards. Captain Oldfield and the bishop went on board of her at once. When they returned we learned that three of our party, who had come up by her, had been on shore several days, and that since then she had had no communication with them. A brisk gale was blowing, a heavy sea running; and by the aid of a glass we could see a tremendous surf on the bar of the Zambezi, and the *Pioneer* safely moored in the smooth water behind it. It was very evident she had no intention of coming out to us that night. Of Livingstone the *Sidon* knew nothing.

"My first impressions of the Zambezi and the neighboring coast were by no means pleasant. The hopes one had entertained that commerce with the interior could be effected through the Zambezi were soon blown away. Nothing can be more unpromising than the low shelving coast covered with mangrove; nothing more impracticable for ordinary commercial purposes than the entrance to the river. No ships would care, considering the frequency of bad weather there, and the bad anchorage ground, to go within three miles of the land; we anchored seven miles from the shore, and then had but seven and a half fathoms of water. Livingstone, with his contempt for danger, energy of purpose, and intuitive knowledge of the best thing to be done on every emergency, cannot well understand the difficulties experienced by ordinarily endowed men in getting over the bar of the river; but, as there are not many Livingstones in the world, and a great many ordinarily endowed men, it is very certain that, whatever the moral and religious future of the poor people in the interior may be, their commercial position will not be much improved unless some better communication

with them is opened. They may be able to produce cotton, sugar hemp, ivory, and many other things in abundance, — they would do so, — but their products will never find their way into Europe unless a happier highway for their exports and imports be discovered. Sailors have a perfect horror of the Zambezi and its neighborhood, and they have good reason for their dislike. . . . Small steamboats, drawing but a few feet of water, might not find the bar impassable save in rough weather; but even they would require a very skilful pilotage; for the channel is often shifting, and then they might come to grief on a sandbank, although fortified against the assaults of the breakers. Altogether, it must be a very large profit indeed, much larger than is ever likely to be acquired, that would tempt commercial men to encounter the difficulties of the Zambezi."

It was not without considerable delay and difficulty that the party were able to effect their landing on this unpromising beach; but, when they did effect it, they found, to their infinite satisfaction, that Livingstone was there to meet them, accompanied by his brother, Charles Livingstone, Dr. Kirk, and a number of Mackololo blacks. "Livingstone had been there since the 1st of January. He had made the trifling journey of one thousand miles on foot in order to meet us, having come down from Linyanti." The great traveller and the missionaries had, of course, much to talk about on their meeting; but they soon came to the main matter — the prospects of the Mission, and the question of the place and locality for its first operations.

"To my great surprise, I learnt from the bishop that Livingstone was averse to our going up to the Shire by the Zambezi. He is deeply impressed with the necessity existing for a better communication with the interior. Not only are the difficulties of the river and the land journey very great, but the Portuguese, who lay claim to the river and adjoining territory, love us not. They make little or no use of what they claim; but, on the true 'dog-in-the-manger' principle, they do all they can to prevent any one else doing so. Their mode of proceeding at the mouth of the Zambezi is nevertheless, very ridiculous. Until Livingstone proved to the contrary, they thought the bar impassable under any circumstances; but no sooner did they learn that they were mistaken, than they sent down a party of soldiers to erect a

flagstaff and custom-house, and to keep possession in the name of his most sacred majesty of Portugal. At this present time some five or six miserable half-caste fellows, under the command of a corporal are there. Cock-hatted and bestrapped to an awful extent are these poor fellows; but of such inferior physical endowments, that it would be but child's play for one of our sailors to kick them all into the sea. They appeared to be very much afraid of our friends at first, and removed to a respectful distance from them; but after awhile plucked up courage, and were very anxious to sell them eggs, which they collect from the nests of the water-fowl and beautifully made wicker baskets, which they make, and by which employment they vary the fearful monotony of their terrible existence. Siccard, their consul at Tette, the only man among them who appreciated the English, and had a friendship for Livingstone, has been removed to Ibo, and they seem determined to make our position as uncomfortable as possible. If located in the interior, they would not really molest us: for the natives hate them, and with reason, and they would fear to approach our locality; but they could cause much annoyance to any friends passing up or down the river: could detain them, exact an enormous duty from all exports or imports, and, in short, make us most uncomfortable. If the Ruvumah can be opened, the various difficulties besetting the navigation of the Zambezi would be obviated. It has no bar; it proceeds from the locality of Lake Nyassi, the very spot we wish to occupy; and it is beyond Portuguese territory. Some think it neutral ground; but there can be little doubt, from all I hear, that it belongs to the emperor of Zanzibar. From him or his successors molestation is dreaded; for, judging by all past experience, they are only too glad to cultivate the friendship of Europeans—of Englishmen, especially—and would gladly permit ingress and egress wherever we pleased. Livingstone therefore, proposed that, instead of proceeding up the Shire, as originally intended, we should accompany him up the Ruvumah in the *Pioneer*. His reasons for doing so were; (1), He had great hopes that we should find the Ruvumah affording an unimpeded communication with the sea, and that the interior could be easier penetrated by it than by the Zambezi. (2), That this was the most unhealthy season of the year; that we were without a doctor; were ignorant of the symptoms preceding the fever, and not skilful in its treatment; that we should be obliged to wait some time in the valley of the Shire, the most unhealthy place we could be in, before we could transport either ourselves or our stores to the high,

healthy country; and that the people of that locality—now that Chibisa, a friendly chief, had removed his tribe to another part of the country—were not so amicably disposed as to enable us to trust them. He promised, however, in the event of our not seeing our way clear to the acceptance of his proposal, to go up with us to the Shire, stay there with us some days, and give us during that time the full benefit of his advice and influence."

It was not without great reluctance that the missionaries gave in to Livingstone's views:—

"A council, consisting of Captain Oldfield [of the *Lyra*], who takes a most lively interest in the success of the Mission, and has done much to forward its success, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, the bishop, Proctor, Scudamore, myself, and Walker, were called in the poop, and the momentous question debated. It appeared that we did not comprehend at first the full force of Livingstone's objections to our going up the Shire at this time, or until the Ruvumah had been tried. He said, after we had arrived at the Murchison Falls, the highest point we could get by the steamer, that the difficulties of transit would be so great as to amount almost to an impossibility, unless we could command a great deal of native labor; that the natives of that district were churlish, would do nothing for us, had even refused his presents; that we could not leave any portion of our stores behind us, but should be forced to leave a guard, supposing a part of us, with a portion of our stores and baggage, pushed our way up to the high land; and that the present time of year was so unhealthy that, unless we were with those in the valley of the Shire, or some one else well versed in the fever treatment, the most fatal consequences would ensue. Dr. Kirk gave similar testimony. Both were evidently concerned for our safety, and seemed to consider themselves responsible for our welfare. Not a particle of selfishness was observable in any thing they advanced. No doubt they were both anxious to see what could be done with the Ruvumah; it has been Livingstone's hope for a long time. He appears to love the country for which he has done and suffered so much, and, consequently, those who come forward to help him; and it was manifest that, however much he desired to commence at once the exploration of the Ruvumah, nothing but the tenderest interest for our safety and welfare induced him to persuade us from going up the Zambezi there and then. Two more noble, disinterested, trustworthy, and Christian men, than Livingstone and Kirk, it would be hard

to find. They deserve to work together: and, as eye meets eye, you can see that their labor has been to them, in more senses than one, a real labor of love. Still, it seemed to the bishop, to Scudamore, to me, and to Captain Oldfield also, that the difficulties alluded to were scarcely greater than we had anticipated before coming out, and that the consequences of uncertainty and delay might really prove more injurious to us. The bishop put the peculiarity of our position as mere Christian missionaries very forcibly before Livingstone; spoke of us as having left active and useful labor in England, and how anxious we were not to lead any longer than was absolutely necessary the comparatively useless life forced upon us during the last four or five months; and, although he had unlimited confidence in all of us, expressed a fear that the uncertainty and delay might, despite ourselves, expose us to much that it were well to avoid—might really injuriously influence those who would otherwise follow us, and cause our friends at home much anxiety. Livingstone replied that he did not anticipate any ill consequences would result from the delay—at the most it would be but a three months' delay. We need not all come up the Ruvumah. The greater part of us could stay at the Island of Johanna, one of the Comoros, a most healthy place, where we could acquire the Makoa language, the very language needed for our missionary work, and where we could also make ourselves acquainted with the habits and tone of thought of the natives, and many other things equally necessary for us to know. I then asked Livingstone if it really was his deliberate opinion, that in going up to the Shire now, we should be exposing ourselves to more than ordinary risk, and a risk greater than he could sanction. He said it was. I then called his attention to the possibility, the probability, of the Ruvumah expedition not realizing all he hoped from it, and asked him, in that event, what course he would advise us to adopt. 'Come back to the Zambezi,' said he; 'it would then be the most healthy season of the year.' But I suggested that, even if that were so, other difficulties, upon his showing, still remained—the difficulties arising from the ill-will of the people in the valley of the Shire, and in the getting of our stores and baggage to the high lands. He replied that we should then be a stronger party, that he and his would be with us to help us, that we should have the benefit of their experience, not only in fever, but in all else; the Makololo with him could help us, and though the difficulties we should have to encounter would really be very great, still, it being the healthy season of the year, and, with our united efforts, he had little doubt

but that we should get readily over them. That once accomplished, the path of those who followed us would be much easier. He clung, however, to the notion, that we should not need to come back, but that the Ruvumah would prove to be the best channel of communication with the interior. To act contrary to this advice, considering with what authority it was given, would have been a very daring thing. I felt—I am also sure that the bishop and others of us felt—that we would give any thing if the doctor had said you can and ought to go up, despite what you will encounter; but, as he would not say that, and in my heart I believe he had good reason for not saying it, we could do nothing else but follow his advice. The sacrifice, and really it is a sacrifice, we have made of our own feelings, in doing this will secure Livingstone to us by stronger ties than would have been possible had we acted otherwise. And to have the hearty, living co-operation of such a man, in a country he had made his own, will be most invaluable to us. Had we gone up the Shire by way of Zambezi after his protest against our doing so, and any thing unusually painful had befallen us, friends at home might have said—without reason, perhaps,—but still they might and would have said:—

"Here, by the good Providence of God, these people met with the only man on the face of the earth who was in a position to advise them for the best; in order to do this he had travelled a thousand miles; he did advise them, they rejected his advice; and their fall is only the natural result of their presumption and folly."

"We gave in to Livingstone—he pledging himself to fetch us from Johanna within three months, and to go with us up to the Nyassi district either by way of the Ruvumah or the Zambezi and Shire. It was arranged that the bishop and one other should accompany the expedition, and the bishop selected me for his companion."

"Details relative to the departure of the three ships were soon arranged. The *Pioneer* was to proceed at once to the Ruvumah, the *Lyra*, and the *Sidon* to Johanna. The *Lyra* was to be at Johanna first, where she should land our stores, and those of our party in her who would stay behind, and then run over to the Ruvumah with the bishop and myself, and coal and stores for the *Pioneer*. The *Sidon* would land the rest of our party, and the remainder of our stores at Johanna, and would also go over to the Ruvumah with coal for the future use of the *Pioneer*; and then we were to be left to our own resources."

The remainder of Mr. Rowley's letter de-

scribes the voyage to Johanna, where the *Lyra* arrived Feb. 21, and gives an account of what the missionaries saw and did in that and other islands of the Comoro group. As these islands are tolerably well known, however, by previous descriptions, the only other extract we shall make from Mr. Rowley's letter is one referring less to them than to the general anticipations and speculations of the missionaries respecting their African enterprise.

"I used to think that we had been in too great a hurry to leave England—that it would have been better had we delayed our departure for some months. But circumstances have been so ordered that we appear to have come out at a happy moment. We may fail in the grand objects we have in view; humanly speaking, as I have before said, the chances are greatly against us. We have to contend against the power and reminiscences of ages of heathenism, and we have to fight against a principle which cupidity has made all but impregnable. Central and Eastern Africa are exciting great interest in the minds of more than one class of people at this present moment; and it seems more and more necessary, as we get better acquainted with the object, that an effort, somewhat different from what has been already made, should at once be made to raise the natives of these places to a higher standard of existence than they had at present obtained, before others, with motives less worthy, succeed in corrupting them irretrievably. Unless we, or those who will, I trust, follow us, succeed in persuad-

ing the natives to provide themselves by their own labor with the European comforts now becoming day by day more desirable to them—unless we can convert them to Christ—slavery must become as universal here as it was, and is on the western coast; there is no help for it. The British government is the only government in the world really in earnest about the suppression of the slave trade; yet, in order to avoid embroilment with other powers, the instructions supplied to our naval commanders are so ambiguously framed that efforts of our cruisers are really paralyzed—for, unless a man shrinks not from a responsibility which intimidates men of ordinary calibre, successful action is almost an impossibility. No less than nineteen thousand slaves were exported last year from Zanzibar and Ibo. It is said, with what truth I can't say, that as many as six hundred vessels are employed in the slave trade on the eastern coast of Africa. Many of them can be no more than Arab dhows; but some are vessels of large tonnage, fitted, without regard to expense, with every appliance for successful traffic; and nine-tenths of these vessels are American. To keep this fleet of the Devil in check we have some five or six cruisers, fettered and hampered by the before-mentioned instructions."

The letter from which the above extracts are taken is dated "H. M. S. *Lyra*, Zaoudsi, Mayotte, Feb. 27, 1861." At that date, therefore, the missionaries were still among the Comoro Islands, waiting to return to the continent, and begin their labors according to the plan agreed upon between them and Dr. Livingstone.

SCREAMING FISHES.—"In the early part of December, I called upon a Quaker gentleman at Darlington, for whom I waited in a room in which stood a small aquarium, containing, along with the usual allotment of sea-anemones, star-fishes, etc., five fishes not larger than minnows—a species of blennies, as I was informed. After watching their motions for a few minutes, as they floated near the surface of the water, I stooped down to examine them more nearly; when, to my utter amazement, they simultaneously set up a *shriek of terror* so loud and piercing, that I sprang back as if I had been

electrified. I think a human being could hardly have set up a louder or shriller scream than did these tiny inhabitants of the water. Have you ever met with, or heard of, in any other case of the finny tribe, so striking an exception to the truth of the common saying, 'As mute as a fish'?"

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE will publish immediately the "Last Travels" of the celebrated Madame Ida Pfeiffer, inclusive of a visit to Madagascar. It will also include a biography of the authoress, compiled from her own notes.

From The Examiner, 15 June.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

WE are sorry that our kinsmen in America should misapprehend our meaning, when we say that we think it our duty to be neutral in their present quarrel. It is one thing to be neutral, it is another thing to be indifferent. Neutrality is often the duty of a Government, where indifference would be in the highest sense unworthy of a people. In the present case our Government, acting in unison with that of France, has resolved to show no active partiality to either party; to allow its subjects to enlist under the banners of neither; and to treat the ships of both as belonging to belligerents with whom it has no feud. Another course was indeed open to it. It might have ignored the domestic schism altogether; held the Government of Washington responsible for all acts done by the privateers of the South as much as if no secession had ever taken place; and thus lent more than its moral support to the Federal Union. Had France agreed upon this line of policy there would have been much to recommend it, and the people of this country would certainly not have complained. For all their moral and political sympathies are with the Union rather than with the Confederacy; and as for the supply of cotton, and the new prohibited duties under the Morrill tariff, we suspect that these matters will settle themselves somehow, no matter how the fight goes. If the cotton crop be gathered and made ready for transport during the coming autumn, there will be too many people wanting to sell it, and too many people wanting to buy it, too many railways ready to bring it to New York, and too many clipper ready to take their chance of running it from New Orleans, to prevent the mills of Manchester and Rouen from being stopped for want of supply. The Morrill tariff has not been six months in operation and it is already found to be a failure for revenue, and a fraud upon those who were hurried into sanctioning it. It is not when a community are for the first time submitting to pay heavy war contributions for the purpose of reducing to insolvency myriads of their best customers that they are likely to endure artificial prices created for the benefit of a handful of capitalists amongst themselves. The Morrill tariff was always regarded on this side of the sea as a mere political manœuvre, not a change of commercial policy. We know that as an absurdity it cannot last, and it therefore enters little if at all into the sum of national motives and considerations. If the Governments of France and England, therefore, had determined to disregard altogether the schismatic proceedings of the Southern States, public opinion in this country, we repeat it,

would have silently but cordially acquiesced in the determination, whatever may be said to the contrary.

But on the other hand, we must frankly own that when for the sake of accord with France, — an accord of paramount importance to the interests of humanity and civilization in the matter, — Lord Palmerston's Cabinet decided upon taking a line of vigorous and absolute neutrality, no active sentiment could be appealed to on either side of the channel, sufficiently strong to cause any immediate modification of that decision. It is far better to be outspoken with friends, with whom we wish permanently to live in amity and confidence; and in the present instance we shall be so even at the risk of causing momentary pain. Ten years ago, the Government of Washington need not have appealed to our remembrance of common origin and long-subsisting friendship for demonstrative sympathy on the part of England, against deserters from its rule, and disturbers of its sway. Nor do we believe that in France, under any *régime*, there would have been much less disposition to show a prompt solicitude for the reduction of its domestic foes. But the conduct of the American executive, unrebuked and unrepu diated by the American people during the Russian war, has caused the zeal of many to wax cold. This is not the time to dwell upon the topic, or to speak bitter words. We should be the last to tolerate the idea of national resentment being kept alive on account of an abortive effort to inflict unwanton and unworthy wrong upon an old ally, in an hour of supposed exigency. The ostentatious sympathy shown for the cause of Cossack aggression in 1855, did harm to none but those who manifested it. It did not damp the priming of a single gun at Sebastopol, or save a single victim of impressment by the czar from a Crimean grave. At the time it bore no fruit whatever, either to friends or foes; but in due course of nature it came to a miserable maturity; and such as it is, America can hardly be surprised if she reaps as she has sown. It is but the inexorable law of justice which asserts itself in unlooked-for modes and ways; and which, in the unlooked-for day of trouble, brings home conviction to the minds of those who in arrogance of seeming security, have unworthily wounded and alienated old friends. No public man or influential journal that we are aware of uttered a syllable during the last three months in this country calculated to encourage a retaliatory course of policy on the part of our Government, or that of France; and save from the lips of Tories in Parliament, or in diplomacy, we do not believe that any observation would have been heard had a line been followed,

indicating entire forgetfulness of the part taken by America during the Crimean war. But it would be affectation to deny that the instincts of imperial France, are less calculated to check such recollections than those of constitutional England; and that unfortunately when recalled in consultation between the two Governments, it was impossible for ours to pretend to think that the old enthusiasm and confidence once felt amongst us for our political progeny beyond the ocean would lead us to sever our course from that of France, on merely sentimental grounds. No nation is so great that it can lightly discard present allies to maintain the good humor of associates, who upon the last opportunity openly exulted in her supposed misfortunes.

There is besides a great practical good obtained, by the identity of the course taken by France and England regarding blockade and privateers. The rest of Christendom will be compelled to do the like, which is a great point of maritime civilization gained. Check is thus given to the possible profit of privateering, and a considerable step taken towards the ultimate abolition of that detestable practice. But here again let us ask whose fault is it that European powers have had occasion in 1861, to consider what should be done about prizes made or injuries inflicted by privateers on the high seas? All Europe agreed to abolish the barbarous system at the Conference of Paris in 1856; but the Cabinet of Washington alone refused to concur, and the Congress of the United States confirmed its refusal. Already both have learned in the hour of adversity the wisdom of being unanimous and just, which in the day of prosperity they would not see. But what nation has not had to learn and unlearn much in a similar way? And who is there that has really a heart for the progress of his country or his kind who does not cordially rejoice over one nation that repenteth, more than over those who having been placed, perhaps, less in the way of temptation, have had nothing to repent.

We have thus spoken without reserve, and we hope without offence, on a most painful subject; and we hope sincerely to have done with it forever. We have thought it a duty to do so, for to turn one's eyes from a wound will not heal it, and if it be not washed, how shall it ever be clean? But again and again we reiterate the declaration to our kinsfolk in America, that Englishmen desire only to see them prosperous, powerful, and at peace among themselves. If the old established Government of the United States is strong enough to reclaim its fugitive states, the Government and people of this country will be glad to learn the re-assertion of its popular sovereignty from the St. Lawrence to the

Gulf of Mexico. But if this be impossible, and if two Confederacies are destined to be born of the death of one, we shall not presume to question the inevitable. Our first wish is for reunion in peace; our next for the briefest possible duration of an unhappy war.

From The Spectator, 15 June.

THE CAUSES OF AMERICAN BITTERNESS.

THE feeling towards England in the Northern States seems to increase in bitterness. The proclamation of neutrality is regarded as a quasi-recognition of the South, and, though admitted to be legal, is denounced as an official surrender of the principles of freedom. Mr. Gregory's motion, which elicited only four cheers in the House of Commons, and was silenced before it had been withdrawn, is regarded as a quasi-official act, presaging open alliance with the South. England is taunted with servility to cotton, with false pretences of liberality, and with a wicked delight in the suffering of the States. She is menaced with the future vengeance of the North, the stoppage of her supply of cotton, the ruin of her trade, the assistance of America in the next rebellion of the Irish. This virulence is not confined to the New York press or to those American Irish who do so much to interrupt the friendship which steady commercial intercourse must produce. The irritation is as unreasonable in Philadelphia as New York, among the politicians at Washington as in the "literary" circles of Massachusetts. It will be increased by the sudden resolution to despatch troops to Canada, a decision which, though dictated by the plainest necessity, will be accepted by the irritable jealousy of the North as a menace against themselves. The colony, since the Crimean war, has been almost denuded of troops, and in restoring our strength to its old level, we do but provide against the weakness which tempts irregular assaults. The act, however, is not likely to be fairly judged, and despite the similar policy adopted by Napoleon, and the warm sympathy expressed by Lord John Russell with the Union, we must expect the continuance of attacks as irritating to our sense of justice as to our national pride. The Americans are, for the moment, transported beyond the influence of common sense; and seem blind to the most patent signs of political opinion. With all England sympathizing, more or less heartily with the North, they persist in regarding her as a covert enemy, and seem positively anxious to change an ally, who happens to be quiescent, into an open and most dangerous foe.

It is perhaps expedient, before national

irritation overcomes English reason, to inquire whether there is any justification, or that failing, any palliation for these outbursts of arrogant bad taste. Justification in its full sense it would, we at once admit, be impossible to find. The British Government has as yet done no one act intended to increase the resources of the South. The proclamation of neutrality does, indeed, arrest Canadian assistance, and perhaps gives the South a standing which rebels do not ordinarily enjoy, but no other course short of alliance with the North could possibly have involved less advantage to the slave-owners. Had the whole matter been suffered to sleep, without official action of any kind, the South might have secured in our ports the privateers with whom the Northern navy can dispense. Avowed alliance with the North, on the other hand, would have been contrary to our steady policy of non-intervention between rulers and their subjects, and a slur on the competence of the Union to maintain its own integrity. The North can hold its own, and our clear duty was to avoid embittering the contest by interference in either direction. In a calmer moment Americans will, we believe, recognize this as the only course open to England to pursue.

But while there can be no justification there may be many palliations for the present American tone. A proud race, with their vanity full fed by an uninterrupted career of political success, the Americans have been taught to regard themselves as the strongest of existing powers, as abstaining from dominance only because the Old World was scarcely worth the trouble of interference. On a sudden the mighty State, of whose prestige every American was so proud, falls helplessly in two, threatening to crumble into fragments yet more minute. The strongest section, feeling keenly that the disaster is but temporary, that its resources suffice either to compel reunion or commence anew the career of development, indignantly denies that its position has been changed. Like a banker during a run, who knows that appearances are against him, but knows also that he is solvent, the North examines every friendly face for the coldness it expects, but is none the less determined to chastise. In such a temper every incident, however slight, is sure to be interpreted as indicating design. Every failure of respect betokens triumph; every offer of assistance sarcastic pity. It is because America may be supposed weak that the American diplomatists exchange hauteur for arrogance, that Mr. Lincoln threatens to chastise interference, that Mr. Seward writes to Mr. Dayton let-

ters condemning all European politicians' There is want of courtesy in this manifestation, and perhaps want of judgment too, but a friendly nation may well do what a private friend would attempt—wait calmly until, with the calamity, the spasm of suspicion has passed by. The aggressive pride of the hour is not the result of deliberate thought, but an instinctive movement of self-defence against an attack anticipated, though only in imagination. It may be annoying, as it is certainly impolitic, but impertinence does not justify the sufferer in abandoning a principle.

Another and even stronger palliation is to be found in the acute sense entertained by every American of the *importance* of European aid. The Southerners, owing apparently to some personal relations with the diplomatists at Washington, are persuaded that Europe is already favorable to their cause. The cotton crop, they argue, *must* be imported, and as the season draws near the blockades will be broken, and the war reduced at once to an invasion by land alone. The North, on the other hand, believing itself able utterly to crush the mutineers, still holds that the speedy issue of the contest depends on the blockades. If the South can continue to sell cotton unrestricted, she will have funds for a succession of campaigns. The case would be still worse were England the active ally of the South—and *this* is the secret fear of every American—for the blockade would then be extended to the North, and the South supplied with those munitions, the want of which will speedily close the war. Deceived by the diplomatic tone our parliamentary leaders habitually adopt, the Northern orators evidently believe England at heart strongly with the South, and knowing well how tremendous a power their old ally can, if necessary, exert, look forward with dismay to the protraction of the war. So strong is the impression of the effect English hostility would produce, that the secret secessionists of the North earnestly pray for interference, as the one event which would produce the possibility of compromise. The Northerners, hating the idea of compromise, are frantic at the thought of a compromise produced by pressure from without. The stake is too great for men to be altogether calm. They feel as the English felt when Louis XIV. acknowledged the Pretender; and however unjust their apprehension, it is dictated by a feeling which Englishmen in other cases are the last to reprehend.

But the last, and in our eyes, the best palliation of their tone is to be sought in this. The conscience of the North is satisfied with

its cause. Feeling always that the struggle, whatever its nominal object, is really for right against wrong, freedom against slavery, constitutionalism against military power, they cannot imagine why men, free like themselves, should hesitate to aid the cause to which they profess devotion. Forgetting the endless coil of Federal rights and State pretensions, Acts of Congress, and election legalities, in which they themselves have enmeshed the great issue really involved, they expect, on the plain ground of morality, the sympathy they have done nothing to secure. England, they say, "professes to hate slavery; our war is against slavery; unless, therefore, her hate be hypocritical, England is with us." The first postulate is correct, and the deduction one every Englishman will draw; but the second remains, up to this hour, only a hope or an assumption. Let the North once distinctly proclaim that issue, declare that the object of the war is the extinction of slavery, that no peace is possible which shall leave slavery in existence, and in the unanimous response of Englishmen even the dread of a cotton famine will be removed. The better Americans believe that this issue is stated, that the death-throe of slavery is drawing nigh, and so believing, they look on our lukewarmness as treachery, not only to them but to humanity. It is, consequently, from the very best and calmest Americans, from Boston rather than New York, that the most earnest denunciation comes. The feeling is the more bitter because our statesmen, true to their dread of all enthusiasm, persist in talking only of the material interests involved. Fellowship with a slave-owner is more impossible to Lord John Russell than to Mr. Seward; yet the Foreign Secretary, questioned as to his policy, would talk of Northern wheat, and quote tables about the cotton of the Confederacy. He would meet famine and short time together sooner than check the emancipation of the slave; but till the hour for action comes he will talk like Mr. Gregory, as if England had not an aspiration beyond cheap calicoes. Americans cannot understand this reticence. Secure of their own motives, they forget that those motives are not visible to the world, and hate with the virulence of sincere Puritans who believe Christianity attacked. There is no violence like that shown by a man whose interests and whose principles tend to the same end, whose present and future are equally at stake.

This is not an emotion which Englishmen, however they may regret the action it involves, can heartily condemn.

From The Saturday Review, 15 June.
AMERICA.

THE extraordinary and irrational indignation of the Northern Americans against England is the more melancholy because it is, in a certain sense, sincere. It is easy to understand that New York journalists may only wish to flatter and to excite the momentary passions of the unthinking multitude which they address; but the correspondents of the London papers, who may be supposed not to expect sympathy from readers on this side of the Atlantic, almost unanimously adopt the insolent language of their noisy and unreasonable countrymen. The people of England are assured that no future expressions or proofs of good-will can ever obliterate the resentment which has been produced by the neutrality of their Government between the Northern and Southern States. They are reminded that the United States neither recognized the belligerent rights of the Sepoy mutineers, nor armed privateers under Russian letters of marque to plunder the commerce of England. It is useless to answer that America might as well have interfered with a civil war in the moon as with the remote contest at Delhi or Lucknow. On the other hand, a privateer from Mobile or New Orleans may at any moment overhaul an English merchantman, and it was necessary that naval officers and consuls should know whether such an act would be legal or piratical according to the laws of England. If the Confederate flag had been treated as non-existent, any attack on English commerce under the authority which it represents must have been treated either as piracy or as a ground for demanding redress from the United States. It is not too much to say that the Government of Washington would have resented as an injury to itself any act of hostility against the seceders, whom it still claims as citizens of the Union. The shameful and causeless violence of the popular feeling would have been more excusable under almost any circumstances than on the pretext of the timely and prudent proclamation which was issued for the guidance of English subjects. The claims which are founded on the conduct of America during the Russian war display an obtuse audacity which it is difficult to characterize. It is true that the United States did not necessitate, by the employment of privateers, an immediate declaration of war by England; but all the sympathy of all their political parties was ostentatiously given to Russia. Individual Americans sometimes assert that the unfriendly policy of their suc-

cessive Governments really proceeded from the animosity of the Southern States to England; yet the feeling of the country and the acts of the Legislature have been doubly hostile since the North has been left to itself. The Morrill tariff was principally aimed at English commerce; and Mr. Seward, in repeatedly threatening a future attack on Canada, has only continued the course which, in common with his party, he has long pursued in the United States Senate.

The ostensible charge against England consists in the reiterated assertion that the position of the seceding states has been altogether mistaken. The journalists and stump-orators who have spent their lives in glorifying the original rebellion against the mother country, complain that rebels—or, if the phrase is preferred, traitors—are mistaken for genuine belligerents. The reflection that a civil war is, after all, a war, seems to be too recondite for politicians intoxicated with vanity and singularly deficient in that self-respect which is closely connected with tolerance and justice. The English Government and nation have not attempted to justify the secession, nor has the future recognition of the Southern Union been intimated as probable, although it may easily be foreseen. The rebellion which requires all the power of the United States to resist certainly partakes of the nature of a civil war. The possession by the revolutionary government of a territory larger than France may not perhaps justify the secession, or even augur its ultimate success, but it would be absurd for England to treat a Federation of ten or eleven organized states as a knot of individual rebels. If the Northern Americans continue to change their opinions with their recent rapidity, it is by no means improbable that within a twelvemonth Mr. Lincoln may recognize his rival at Montgomery, even if his Secretary of State does not invite Mr. Jefferson Davis to join in a war against England. The Democrats who have governed the United States for the last twenty years cannot be wholly extinct, either in their persons or their opinions. Mr. Buchanan, who was their nominee and one of their leaders, as official representative of the United States treated the leaders of the secession with studied deference and courtesy. His Republican successor, for some months after his election, abstained from pledging himself to coercion, and Mr. Seward protested in the strongest language against all attempts to subjugate the South. Nothing has changed except the volatile mind of the excitable multitude; for the ludicrous transaction at Fort Sumter is a far less valid cause of war than the formal secession of the Southern States

and their consolidation into a new Confederacy. The crime of England is that an opinion which was universal in America two months ago has not been abandoned in deference to the sudden gyration of Northern feeling. The United States officers still recognize their adversaries as open enemies, and whenever they can control their troops they will undoubtedly conduct hostilities according to the laws of war. It is only when the Confederate flag comes in collision with neutrals that belligerents are suddenly reduced to the condition of pirates.

The Southern officers of the army and navy have, almost without exception, preferred their State allegiance to their duties to the Union. The magistrates, the corporations, the local legislatures, and all other visible authorities, have unanimously cast in their lot with the Confederacy in which they were placed. The right or claim which they are enforcing has been uniformly vindicated by the Democrats of the North, and yet it is pretended that the united South is but a nest of exceptional traitors. The unparalleled levity with which public opinion has veered round still throws considerable doubt on the serious character of the war. All dispassionate spectators perceive that the complete success of the Northern Government is impossible, and many causes will tend to abate the excitement which has recently blinded the people and their leaders. A war can only be conducted in definite places for assignable purposes, and a campaign must have a tangible object as well as a motive or provocation. General Scott's movements are perfectly intelligible as long as he protects Washington and covers the friendly district of Western Virginia. It is also possible that he may wish to recover the Federal navy-yard at Norfolk, or even to punish the enemy by occupying for a time the state capital at Richmond. In Kentucky and Missouri there is a Unionist party to support, and generally it may be assumed that those parts of the Border which are unsuited to slave labor will probably be reclaimed by the Union. On the other hand, a march into the heart of the Gulf States would be as purposeless as it would probably be ruinous. Mr. Jefferson Davis, knowing his inferiority in men and money, will not seek defeat by advancing to the North, and in his proper territory he is invincible, or rather he is safe from attack.

There are still stronger reasons against a war on a great scale, inasmuch as it can only be carried on with a great standing army. It is easier to bluster about half a million of men than to feed and pay 100,000. The people of the United States are little accus-

tomed to taxes, nor will it be easy to incur a large debt which would be repudiated as soon as it became necessary to provide for the interest. If the sacrifice were undergone, the Republic would have provided itself with a master, in the form of an alien body of veteran mercenaries. The rank and file of the regular army will be Irish, with, perhaps, an admixture of Germans; and, as Americans are well aware, no race is either braver or more indifferent to constitutional forms. If the South were conquered, the army could not be disbanded; for it would be necessary to retain the seceders by force within the Union which reclaimed them. The most sanguine Northern politician can scarcely believe that the slave-owners will be

henceforth conciliated by concessions such as those which were scornfully rejected when they were eagerly put forth by the Republicans. The formal recognition of slavery, fugitive slave-laws, pledges of perpetual non-interference with the institution, might have been extorted in profusion from the terrors of the North if the secession had not been deliberately preferred to any form of compromise. From first to last, the friends of the Union have misunderstood their position and their prospects; nor is there the smallest reason to adopt with implicit faith the views which they unanimously repudiated until the whole country was absorbed by a sudden paroxysm of indignation.

A CURIOUS COLLECTION.—A young amateur archæologist named Forglais has spent twelve years in forming a collection of objects found in the bed of the river by whose means Paris is always hoping to become a seaport; and in virtue of whose waters it has, from immemorial times, adopted a ship as its armorial bearings. Among the four thousand relics of all periods got together by M. Forglais are rings, ivories, medals, Gallic and other coins, a beautiful Roman lance, a curious sword, believed to be that of Capeluche, weapons and implements, and 'curiosities' of every kind. The emperor visited this singular collection before leaving lower Fontainebleau, and expressed his wish that it should not be scattered, but should form part of the *omnium gatherum* of the Hotel de Cheny, devoted to the preservation of all manner of antiquities.

HIEROGLYPHICAL PICTURE OF CHARLES THE MARTYR.—I extract the following from a small work (pages 69) published at Newcastle upon Tyne, in 1757, entitled, *Four Topographical Letters, written in July, 1755, etc., etc.* The writer is speaking of his visit to Leicester:—

"The Great Church being open for Prayers, we went in, but found nothing remarkable there, except the Picture of *Charles the Martyr*, surrounded with Hieroglyphics (*sic*); such as trampling on earthly Crowns and Sceptres, and reaching at a Crown of Glory, which an Angel is holding out; near him is a Palm Tree, with Dr. Dailly's Motto—*Crescit sub pondere!* A plain honest-looking Clergyman who was viewing it, told me, he thought such Pictures did great

Hurt: for they warmed the Zeal of some People so much, that they fasted more devoutly, and prayed with more Fervency on the 30th of January, than they did on *Good Friday*: and that some People paid greater Devotion to the Day whereon King Charles was beheaded, than they did to that on which Christ was crucified; and, if they had Power, would compel all to be as devout as themselves, or knock them on the Head. 'What is this [said he] but fasting for Strife and Debate, and smiting with the Fist of Wickedness?' I questioned my Companion whether he thought this Parson was a Whig or a Tory? For my own Part, I could not think he came there with proper Principles for Church Preferment." Pp. 5, 6.

Is the picture still in existence?

IMPROVEMENTS IN PARIS.—The injurious effects of the destruction of the trees on the hills in the south of France have determined the government to undertake their replanting with a species of bamboo found by the French expedition in Cochin-China, and from which great things are expected in the prevention both of draughts and inundations, and in the arrest of the denudation of their slopes, from which the soil is now rapidly being washed away. The question of supplying Paris with the pure water so urgently needed, in place of the horribly dirty water of the Seine and the unwholesome springs which now supply the city, is again being earnestly studied by the city architects, much of the unhealthiness of a permanent residence here being now admitted to be due to the impurity, as well as the extreme hardness, of the water of the Seine.